

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1798, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with few exceptions, the oldest in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

- ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 285, Order Sons of America—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dones, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.
- COURT WASTON, No. 679, Foresters of America—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dones, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
- THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B. Casey Sullivan, President; Miss B. M. Donohue, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
- DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catherine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Himpesed. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.
- ADRIAN THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. Catherine Curry; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
- REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hamilton, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.
- DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain, Sir Knight, Sir Knight, Sir Knight, Sir Knight. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.
- OLAN MCGEE, No. 13—John Yale, Chief; Alexander Jones, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.
- NEWPORT LODGE, No. 23, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

Aquidneck Chapter, O. E. S.

The annual visitation of Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, Order of the Eastern Star, took place in Masonic Hall, Thursday evening. There was a large number of members and visitors present to receive the Grand Matron and visiting officers. Those present were Miss Myra A. Ray, of East Providence, Grand Matron; George W. Avery of Hope Valley, Grand Patron; Miss Louise A. Babcock, of Westerly, Associate Grand Matron; B. Penrose Williams of Providence, Grand Secretary; Mrs. Emogene H. Williams of Providence, as Grand Conduress; Mrs. George W. Avery as Grand Chaplain; Mrs. Georgiana C. Newton of Providence, as Associate Grand Conduress; Mrs. Edna G. Browning of East Providence, Grand Marshal; and Miss Isabella Mahan of Newport, Grand Warden. The work of the Chapter was exemplified on several candidates and received much praise from the visiting officials. Addresses were made by most of the Grand officers. Testimonials were presented to the Grand Matron and Grand Marshal and a collation was served.

Mr. Henry C. Stevens, cashier of the Newport National Bank, will observe his eightieth birthday on Monday next. Although his many friends would be glad to join in celebrating the passing of this memorable milestone, it has been deemed advisable for the sake of his health, which is slowly being restored after his long illness, that he should pass the day quietly at home. He is able to walk out or drive every day and hopes soon to be restored to his normal health. Mr. Stevens entered the employ of the bank when he was but nineteen years of age and when only twenty-one was made cashier, a position that he has ever since retained, making his period of service with the bank more than sixty years. His friends will wish him many returns of the day.

Miss Emily Cornell Austin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy A. Austin, was united in marriage to Mr. John T. Delano, Jr., at Trinity Church Rectory on Tuesday evening in the presence of immediate relatives and friends only. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of Trinity Church. There were no attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Delano left on the New York boat on a wedding trip and were given a rousing send-off at the wharf.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular monthly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Tuesday evening, when bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

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|----------------------------------|-------------|
| Board of Health, | \$1,000.00 |
| Books, stationery and printing, | 830.00 |
| City Assessor, | 831.52 |
| Fire department, | 1,138.27 |
| Incidentals, | 3,015.50 |
| Lighting streets, | 5,000.00 |
| Marine grounds, | 138.70 |
| Cemetery signs, | 35.00 |
| Dog fund, | 862.00 |
| Indexing and preserving records, | 118.75 |
| Land and other changes, | 16.00 |
| Municipal accounts, | 500.00 |
| Newport sick, | 800.00 |
| Police station committee, | 47.00 |
| Salaries assessors of taxes, | 1,340.00 |
| Touro Street fund, | 18.31 |
| Touro Jewish Synagogue fund, | 84.25 |
| Costs of various cases, | 647.47 |
| Water supply, | 2,200.00 |
| Police, | 169.59 |
| Police department, | 221.00 |
| Port fund, | 8.20 |
| Public buildings, | 181.80 |
| Public Parks, | 626.06 |
| Public schools, | 19,715.91 |
| Streets and highways, | 3,517.28 |
| | \$77,928.19 |

The monthly report of the street commissioner was received, also the monthly report of the inspector of nuisances. The street commissioner reported on the claim of M. P. Pluto for damages for a broken sewer connection alleged to have been caused by the steam roller, that he did not believe the roller was responsible for the damage. The bill was only \$50.30 and the board voted to pay it. It was voted to instruct the street commissioner to extend the Walnut street sewer about 75 feet to allow certain entrances. A number of minor licenses were granted. The city treasurer was directed to pay to the committee on Fourth of July the amount of the council appropriation, \$1000. Alderman Mahoney reported that repairs were needed to the roof of the city hall and he was made a committee to procure estimates. There was considerable talk about a fence which the street commissioner had been directed to remove from city property on Golden Hill street but which is still there. After some talk about the rights of the city in the matter, it was decided to ask the street commissioner to appear before the board at the Thursday evening meeting.

It was voted to instruct the city clerk to advertise for bids for caring for the city ambulance and answering calls, as the present contract has expired. The present rate is \$2 for a single call and \$3 if two men answer the call.

At the session of the board on Thursday evening a large portion of the time was devoted to a consideration of the fence which is alleged to project onto city property on Golden Hill street. Street Commissioner Sullivan was present and also the owner of the fence, Mr. M. E. Curran. There seemed to be ground for dispute about the ownership of the land, the boundary line having been changed at different times. The board decided that it would be advisable for the city engineer to make a careful survey of the property before taking further action, and this he was instructed to do.

The regular weekly bills and payrolls were approved. A petition for a short extension of the Houston avenue sewer was referred to the street commissioner with power to act. A number of minor licenses were granted, including several for the sale of fireworks. It was announced that the old Anthony quarry had been secured for a dumping ground in the southern part of the city. Alderman Shepley reported two estimates for repairs to the roof of the City Hall and it was voted to award the contract to the lowest bidder at \$98. Street Commissioner Sullivan announced that he had arranged with Mr. L. Q. Jones for the sea wall on Wellington avenue, and that a small strip of land would be deeded to the city.

Fort Jernad Over.

Fort Getty, the recently completed fortress on the west side of the west passage to Narragansett Bay, was turned over to the Coast Artillery Tuesday. The transfer was made by Lieut. Col. James C. Sanford, who is in charge of the United States Engineering Office. The fort was received by Col. William H. Coffin, the commanding officer of the Narragansett Defence District. Maj. Edmund Blake, commanding officer at Fort Greble, was present when the structure was officially transferred. The fort will be used as an auxiliary to Greble. It is equipped with 12 and six-inch rifles and 15-pounders. It is thought that a part of the National Guardsmen will be stationed at the fort during the summer encampment this year.

Miss Clara Belle Lawton and Master-at-Arms Frank J. Sullivan, U. S. N., were married at St. John's Rectory on Wednesday evening, Rev. Charles F. Beattie performing the ceremony. The bride is a daughter of Mrs. William H. Lawton and the groom is attached to the Naval Training Station here. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan will reside on Marsh street.

A Sunday Fire.

What promised to be a bad fire was discovered in what is known as the New CHAS. Hotel on Catherine street Sunday afternoon. The fire had made considerable headway before it was discovered and although only chemical streams were needed to extinguish it, the men were on the scene for about an hour and the whole department was put at work tearing down partitions and directing chemical streams where they would do the most good.

The building where the fire was, was formerly known as The Margaret, being one of the large boarding houses on Catherine street formerly run by Madame Robinson. It is now managed by Mr. J. V. Jordan under the name of the New Childs. The fire was discovered a little after noon on Sunday and a still was at first sent in, but was quickly followed by a box alarm. The house was full of smoke, and the flames had worked in behind the partitions in the working part of the house. Much tearing out of walls had to be done before the firemen were certain that the fire was extinguished. The cause of the fire is unknown, but it has been suggested that electric wires may have started the trouble. The loss will amount to several hundred dollars.

Artillery Commanded.

Major Charles W. Abbot, Jr., the inspecting officer of the Rhode Island National Guard, has filed his report of the recent inspection of the Newport Artillery Company, in which he pays a high tribute to the efficiency of the company. Out of a possible score of 60, which represents absolute perfection, the company secured 45 points which is regarded as a splendid showing. In addition to the figures presented, Major Abbot made interesting comments on the efficiency of the command, especially commending the work of the veteran Ordnance Sergeant Thomas H. Lawton who had the arms and equipment in perfect condition. Major Abbot suggested that the company's efficiency would be increased if recruited up to its full strength, the amount allowed by law being 150, while the present enrollment is but 80.

The Star Theatre.

Work was this week begun on the work of excavation for the new Star Theatre on Thames street. Although the bookkeeping establishment is still on the job, it does not seem to interfere much with the work of the diggers. The teams can pass easily on each side, boards being laid over the old cellar and across the sidewalk to permit of removing the loads of dirt. There is a great deal of dirt to be taken out of the place before the grounds will be ready for the foundation of the building. At one place the depth will go down about 18 feet, and although it will only be as deep as that in the extreme rear, the total excavation will be large.

It is hoped that the theatre building will be ready for the opening of the season in September, but if it will have to be rushed rapidly, as there is much work to be done before it can be completed.

A beautiful silk American flag and a blue silk naval brigade flag, purchased by subscription among the apprentices at the Training Station, were formally presented to the brigade at the regular weekly drill on Thursday afternoon, the presentation being made by Commander Hourigan. Admiral Evans, Admiral Sperry and Admiral Rodgers were present at the drill and presentation. Considerable satisfaction is expressed in Newport by the announcement that there will be occasional practice marches by the battalion in the streets of Newport during the summer. Heretofore these parades entirely during the summer months, but this year it is the intention to send the boys over occasionally but not every week as in the spring.

Last Saturday was Tag Day for the benefit of the children's playgrounds when a number of young men and young women, assisted by a host of children, did considerable building to dispose of their tags at prices from five cents up. A considerable sum was realized but it was not so large as a year ago. The total receipts this year will be a little over \$600 while last year they were close on to \$1000. The public responded liberally and enough money was raised to assure the continuance of the playgrounds for the summer season.

The Governor has appointed ex-Mayor Daniel B. Pearing of Newport a member of the Inland Fish Commission to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of James M. K. Southwick. At a meeting of the board held on Thursday it was voted to go ahead and carry out the provisions of the lobster act passed at the last session of the General Assembly.

25th Anniversary.

Rev. J. Sturgis Pearce observed his twenty-fifth anniversary as rector of St. Paul's Church, Portsmouth, on Thursday. Special services were held in the church at 4 o'clock. The service was read by Rev. Reginald Pearce, son of the rector, of Ipswich, Mass. There were addresses by the rector, Mr. Pearce; Rev. Samuel H. Webb, rector emeritus of Christ Church, of Providence, and Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., of Newport. Among the other clergymen present were Rev. James H. Dennis, Rev. W. F. Goodman, of St. Mary's, Portsmouth; Rev. Mr. Hobbs, of St. Andrew's, Providence; Rev. George V. Dickey, of St. George's, Newport; Rev. Mr. Wadsworth, of the Methodist Church, New-town. A special program of music was rendered by the choir of the church, the hymns being "Jerusalem, the Golden," "I Love Thy Kingdom Lord," "Ye Christian Herald Go Proclaim" and "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." These were all favorites of the rector. The anthem, "First in the Lord," was rendered most effectively.

At the close of the service the people adjourned to the Guild Hall adjoining the church, where a reception was held and where many friends gathered from near and far to offer their congratulations to the rector. Mr. Pearce and his daughter, Miss Edith Pearce, received the guests, being assisted by Mrs. Benjamin S. Anthony, Mrs. B. C. Sherman, Miss Sophie Mitchell, and Miss Cora Mitchell. At the close of the receiving the Senior Warden, Mr. Benjamin S. Anthony, presented Mr. Pearce with a purse, which contained \$124 in gold. This was a gift from friends both in and out of the church. Miss Alice Anthony, on behalf of the Junior auxiliary of the church, presented Mr. Pearce with \$25 in gold. The rector was very much touched by his gifts and by the reception tendered him and expressed his great appreciation and also stated that the ladies of the church should receive much praise for working so hard to make the affair the success it was.

The guests were later seated at long tables where chicken salad, rolls, olives, strawberries and cream, cake, tea and coffee were served. The tables and hall were artistically decorated with beautiful flowers.

Wedding Bells.

Miss Sarah J. Eddy of Bristol Ferry sent Mrs. Pearce 25 beautiful Killarney roses.

Much regret was expressed at Mrs. Pearce not being able to be present, but she has been an invalid for some years.

The committee of arrangements consisted of Mrs. Benjamin S. Anthony, Mrs. B. C. Sherman, Mrs. John M. Eldridge, of the Ladies' Society of St. Paul's Church, and Miss Lillian S. Wheeler, Mrs. May Matouse and Miss Julia Anthony of the junior auxiliary.

More of the summer residences in Newport are open now than has been the case at this season for many years. It is very evident that Newport is going to have a good season and there will be fewer of the summer colony who will spend the season abroad this year. The rental list is very good and there are more inquiries coming in every day. The fashionable boarding houses here have housed many visitors during the past week, of whom many are on the search for furnished houses for the summer. Several of the large houses that have been closed for a number of years will be open during the entire season.

The excursion season may be said to have fairly begun. Last Sunday the steamer Mount Hope brought down a good sized party from Providence and to-day the Epworth Union of Providence, about 1000 strong, is planning an excursion here. The return trip will be made at 7.30 o'clock.

As the result of falling down the hatch of his vessel, skipper Narragansett, Captain Alex. Kohler was taken to the Newport Hospital last Saturday with a broken rib. He is progressing as well as could be expected.

Superior Court.

The June session of the Superior Court for Newport county opened on Monday with Judge Christopher M. Lee presiding. The session will undoubtedly be a long and busy one for the full will end, which is expected to occupy much time, will not be reached until next week. The estimates of time required for that case run anywhere from four days to two weeks.

The assistant attorney general went out with the grand jury to talk over crime in the county, but Foreman Gill in a short time reported that the jury had no presentments to make, the county apparently having been free from serious crime since the last session of the court. The docket was called over and a number of cases were marked for trial at this term. The case of James W. G. Walker vs. Nina Walker, an action of habeas corpus to obtain possession of minor children, was taken up. After a hearing the court decided that the children should not be removed from the mother's care at present.

Tuesday the divorce docket was in order for trial and petitions were granted as follows: Ella Louise Billups from James Frederick Billups, Anne Josephine Vincent vs. Louis A. Vincent, Joseph Stewart, Jr., vs. Mabel Stewart of Tiverton, Ella Diggs vs. Edward Diggs. There were two other Tiverton cases in which the petitions were not granted.

On Wednesday the trespass and ejectment case of the Old Colony Street Railway Company vs. Matthew D. Tobin and Harry H. Bradley was tried. This case was to concern the removal of the lunch wagon from the lot adjoining the car waiting room on Sprague street, and the jury brought in a verdict for the defendants.

The case of Anna Stillman vs. Old Colony Street Railway was put on Thursday morning and occupied two days. This was a case to recover \$16000 for injuries alleged to have been received by the plaintiff by an accident on a car of the defendants in Fall River. The case was long and there was much medical testimony.

Friday morning the Stillman case went on. The jury was sent out, and Mr. Gardner for the defendant argued for a non suit. The motion was granted and the case came to a sudden end. In the afternoon the case of Dr. A. C. Sanford vs. James Openshaw was heard before a jury.

Police Station Site.

The committee from the representative council, to whom was entrusted the duty of considering plans for a new police station, held a meeting on Friday evening of last week, when representatives from the town of Jamestown came before them to argue in favor of their request that the new station be located somewhere else than on Market Square. Near the close of the session some little hard feeling was aroused by the statement that the committee had already decided on the site, but this did not seem to be an irreconcilable matter.

The Jamestown committee was appointed by the town recently to take up this matter. Senator Isaac H. Clarke went into the matter deeply, tracing the history of the present site. He went on to show the great number of passengers and automobiles that are carried to and fro between Newport and Jamestown by this ferry annually, and said that Newport had never been asked to do anything for this traffic, although the ferry company owns property in Newport and pays taxes on it. All that is now asked is for the city to improve the approach a little when the opportunity is now offered. The way is narrow and objectionable and the removal of the police station would add greatly to its appearance and to its convenience. He said that the business men of Newport depend very largely upon Jamestown residents for trade and that practically all the supplies and clothing are brought here. The interests of Newport and Jamestown are identical.

The other members of the committee also spoke in favor of the change and advanced substantial arguments for their side of the question. There is no question but that a strong feeling has been aroused among the people of Newport in favor of the change and if another suitable location can be obtained it is likely that the present site will be abandoned.

Miss Sarah Genevieve Weaver, daughter of Mrs. Jane Weaver, and Bostonian Charles Schouberg, U. S. N., were married at St. Joseph's Rectory Tuesday evening, the ceremony being performed by Rev. James Mahon. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Julia Weaver, and the best man was Bostonian Barney O. Halliwell, U. S. N. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Schouberg will reside on Bay View avenue.

Recent Deaths.

Miss Amanda F. Green.

Miss Amanda F. Green, one of the oldest residents of Newport, died at her residence on Bridge street at 4 o'clock Friday morning, after a short illness from diseases incident to old age. Until a few days ago she had been up and about the house as usual, but last Saturday she was unable to leave her bed and since then had failed gradually until the end. She retained full possession of her faculties until the last and took a deep interest in all that was going on.

Miss Green was the daughter of William and Sarah (Allen) Green and was born in the old Brownell home on Thames street on August 3, 1814, which would make her ninety-six next August. Since 1838 she has made her home in the house at 74 Bridge street where she died. Her niece, Miss Caroline Green, a few years younger, lived with her, and between the two was a deep and lasting affection which had endured for many years. She is also survived by another niece, Mrs. Abby S. Crandall of Poplar street. She was great aunt to Miss Hattie Anthony and Miss Abbie Anthony of Portsmouth, and to Mrs. Stephen P. Barker, Mrs. William S. Sherman, and Mr. William B. Sherman, Jr., of this city.

She was the oldest member of Channing Church, and until three years ago, when she became crippled, had been an active worker and regular attendant. She remembered William Ellery Channing well, and was always pleased to relate her story of a stage ride to New Bedford, on which Mr. Channing chartered to be a fellow passenger, and of his delightful courtesy to her.

Miss Green was a woman of most attractive personality, being bright and cheerful at all times, and taking a deep interest in all the events about her. She greatly enjoyed a game of whist and only a few days before her last illness she was delighted to win a game in which a few callers participated, showing that her faculties had suffered no impairment with advancing years. In her younger days, she earned a wide reputation for the beauty and delicacy of her needlework, a few pieces of which she loved to display.

Miss Green was one of the oldest subscribers to the Mercury, which had been taken in her family for years. Funeral services will be held at her late residence on Bridge street next Monday afternoon, and will be conducted by Rev. William Safford Jones, pastor of the Channing Memorial Church.

John H. Cottrell.

Captain John H. Cottrell, a son of the late Joseph S. Cottrell who was a famous Newport shipbuilder, died at his home in Providence on Monday at the age of 73 years. He was born in Newport and followed the sea during his younger days, being captain of a vessel plying between Providence and New York. During the Civil War he served on blockade runners and was noted for his daring and audacity. After the close of the war he returned to Providence and was for a time connected with the Providence fire department. He was afterward made superintendent of public buildings, which office he held for five years. He had been in poor health for some months, having fallen rapidly since the death of his wife last summer. He was made a Mason in St. John's Lodge of this city many years ago and later became a member of Washington Commandery of this city.

There was a serious accident on the New York & Fall River Street Railway on Friday evening of last week, when a car bound from Fall River to Newport left the rails at the switch near the Portsmouth car barn and was overturned. The passengers escaped any very serious injuries, the most badly hurt being Mrs. George T. Douglas who lives on Connection street in this city. She sustained a fractured rib, but is now doing as well as could be expected. The conductor of the car, Michael T. Langdon of Fall River, received painful cuts on his hands from coming into contact with broken glass. It is supposed that the rear trucks of the car took the wrong track at the switch and the sudden wrench overturned the car.

The registration is beginning to come in at the City Hall in sufficient numbers to indicate that both political parties are working in an effort to get the possible voters registered. The deputy city clerk has been at the various ward rooms in the city on certain evenings, and the city clerk's office is being kept open evenings to accommodate those who desire to register. It costs nothing to register, and no harm can possibly be done by having one's name inscribed on the book. On the other hand, no matter how much the non-taxpayer may desire to vote next fall, he cannot do so, unless he has registered before June 20.



The Stowaway

By
LOUIS TRACY
Author of the "Pillar of Light,"
"The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas."

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reunited father and daughter. They were locked in each other's embrace, and the eyes of every man present

were drawn to a pathetic and unexpected meeting. For that reason and because none gave a thought to him the pallor that changed the bronze of his forehead and cheeks into a particularly unhealthy looking tint of olive green passed unnoticed. He managed to recover some shred of self control ere Senhora de Silva was able to answer her father's first eager questions; then, with a charming timidity, she found breath to say:

"And what of Salvador—is he not here?"

"Yes, Salvador was there—by her side—striving most desperately to look love-like. They clasped hands."

"You have come to bring me luck, Carmela," said De Silva, stroking his daughter's hair affectionately.

"Today we make our first real advance. Salvador and I are going to the front now, almost this instant. But there will be no fighting—an affair of outposts at the best—and when everything is in order we shall return here to sleep. Expect us, then, soon after sunset. Meanwhile at the quinta you will find the young English lady of whose presence you are aware. Give her your friendship. She is worthy of it."

"Adeos, senhora!" echoed San Benavides, bringing his heels together with a click and saluting. He gathered a number of papers from the table with nervous haste and at once began to issue instructions to several officers. De Silva renewed the signing of documents. Russo and he conversed in low tones. A buzz of talk broke out in the tent. Carmela went out, unheeded her tired horse and walked to the house.

Filled with tumultuous memories, her heart all throbbing at the prospect of her father's fortunes being restored, the Senhora de Silva was entering a gate that led to the left front of the house when a young man came out whom she had seen leaving the headquarters tent. Again he rode like one in a hurry, and she noted that he emerged from a side path which gave access to the lawn. He gave her a sharp glance as he passed. She received an impression of a strong face, with stern looking, bright, steel blue eyes, a mouth tensely set, an aspect at once confident yet self contained. She was sure now he was not a Brazilian, and he differed most materially from the mental picture of Captain James Coke created by the many conversations in which he had figured during her long voyage from Southampton in company with David Verity and Dick Bulmer.

So Carmela wondered now who he could be, nor was her wonder lessened when she peered through the screen of trees and saw a girl, whom she recognized instantly as Iris. Furtively dabbing her tear stained face with a handkerchief.

Unhappily the president's daughter was not attractive in appearance, and her surprise that such an uncommonly good looking girl should be the place of David Verity was not unmingled with pique at finding her already installed in remote Las Flores.

On the way to the stables she heard a man singing. The words were in English. They were also quaint, for they dealt with life from a point of view which differed widely from that presented by Dom Corria's niece:

Oh, it's true to be a sailor (sang Watts) an' to cross the ocean main.

From Higgly bar to New Orleans to But I hope that my old woman put me on the chain.

Next time I want to quit my 'nibble' one.

"Are you one of the Andromeda's men?" asked Carmela, speaking in the clear and accurate English used by her father.

"It was well for Watts that the tree prevented him from falling backward. He was quite sober, but cheerful withal, as he had nothing to do but sleep, smoke, eat and drink the light wine of the district, of which his only complaint was that "one might mop up a barrel of it an' get no fowarder."

"My godfather!" he howled, springing from the rail and recovering his wits instantly. "Beg pardon, mum, but you took me black all standin', as the sayin' is."

"I am afraid it is my fault," said Carmela. "I have just arrived here, and everybody seems to be so full of troubles that I am glad to hear you singin'."

"Oh, that's just hummin', mum! I ear you fond of music you ought to ear Schmidt, Captain Schmidt of the 'Eiser Fritz'."

Carmela struck an attitude.

"No, d'ye know 'im?" asked Watts.

"No, it is something—rather important. I must go back to my father. Ah, I ought to explain! I am the

encouraged.

"Old Lady—I want you to take back that parrot you sold me. I find that it swears very badly. Bird Dealer—Well, madam, it's a very young bird. I'll learn to swear better when it's a bit older.—Human Life.

A Good Deal of a Change.

A man who sent us a poem beginning "When twilight dews are falling fast upon the rose leaf" has since married Rosa Lee, and now the weekly dews are falling faster upon him.

senhora de Silva, Dom Corria's daughter.

"Are you really, mum—miss?" exclaimed Watts, highly interested. "Ow in the world did ye manage to come up from the coast? Accordin' to all accounts—"

"Yes, what were you going to say?" for the man hesitated.

"Well, some of our chaps will 'ave it that we're runnin' close hauled on a lee shore."

Carmela knit her brows. The Watts idiom was not those of her governess.

"We had no great difficulty in passing through Dom Barraca's lines, if that is what you mean," she said. "Mr. Verity and Mr. Bulmer had obtained special permits, but in my case—"

"Mr.—oo, did you say, miss?" demanded Watts, whose lower jaw actually dropped from sheer amazement.

"Mr. Verity, the owner of the Andromeda. You are one of the crew, I suppose?"

"I'm the chief officer. Watts is my name, miss. But d'ye mean to tell me that old David Verity 'as come 'ere—to Brazil—to this rotten— Sorry, miss, but you 'ey' me a turn, you did. An' Dickey Bulmer—is 'e 'ere too?"

"Yes, or he soon will be here. I rode on in advance of the others."

"Well, there—if that don't beat cock-fightin'!" cried Watts. "Wot'll Coke say? W'y, 'e'll 'ave a fit. An' Miss Iris! She's to marry old Dickey. Fancy 'im turnin' up! There'll be the deuce an' all to pay now wot between 'im an' 'Lozier an' the dashin' colonel."

"Who is Mr. Hozier?" asked the girl calmly.

"He is, or was, our second mate, but since the colonel an' 'e got to loggerheads 'e took an' raised a corps of scouts. Some of our fellows joined, but not me. Killin' other folks don't agree with me a little bit."

"And the colonel—what is his name?" broke in Carmela.

"San Benavides, miss. Captain 'e was on Fernando Noronha. 'E took a mighty quick jump after we kem ashore. But I ax your pardon for ramblin' on in this silly way. Won't you go inside?"

The Senhora de Silva might have been seized with mortal illness if judged solely by the manner in which she staggered into her father's house, threw her arms around the neck of an elderly serving woman, whom she petrified by her appearance, and almost

the recent history of Brazil would have to be rewritten, since there cannot be the slightest doubt that Dom Corria de Silva would never have occupied the presidential chair again.

It would be idle now to inquire too closely into the springs of Philip's resolve to take service under a foreign flag. Perhaps the like state of affairs at Las Flores, where there was no mean between loafing and soldiering, was tolerable to a spirited youngster. Perhaps San Benavides, constantly riding in from the front, irritated him beyond endurance by his superior airs, or it may be that a growing belief in Iris' determination to sacrifice herself by redeeming her bond made him careless as to what happened in the near future. The outcome of one or all of these influences was that he sought and was readily given a commission in the army of liberation. Like all sailors, he preferred the mounted arm, and De Silva, having the highest opinion of his thoroughness, actually appointed him to command a branch of the intelligence department.

Philip, trained to pin his faith in maps and charts, came to the conclusion that Las Flores could be attacked from the rear, which lay to the northwest. The Brazilians laughed at the notion. Where were the troops to come from? Barraca must bring all his men by sea. There were none stationed in those wild mountains.

"Better go and make sure," quoth Philip.

He ascertained the president's intentions as to the next twenty-four hours, assembled his little body of scouts, saw to their forage and equipment, took leave of Iris and hurried off.

When two stout and elderly fellow countrymen of his climbed the last mile of the rough valley beneath the Las Flores slope Philip and his troop were a league or more beyond the Moxoto's watershed.

If San Benavides were really Carmela's accepted lover, then, indeed, Iris had good cause for foreboding. Though the Brazilian had never directly avowed his passion, since he knew quite well that she would refuse to listen, she could not be blind to his infatuation. Only the threat of her dire displeasure had restrained him from an open quarrel with him. Her position, difficult enough already, would become intolerable if De Silva's daughter became jealous, and she had no doubt whatsoever that San Benavides would seek to precipitate the woman he loved by callously telling the woman he had promised to marry that his affections were bestowed elsewhere.

Her heart sank when she discovered this new malcontent in her sea of troubles, but here was Carmela herself speaking to her and in English.

"So you are Iris Verity?" the girl was saying. "I have heard so much of you. Yet you are so utterly different from what I imagined!"

"You have heard of me?" repeated Iris, and surprise helped her to smile with something of her wonted self-possession.

"Yes, on board the steamer. We sailed from Southampton and had little else to talk of during the voyage. But, of course, you cannot understand. Among my fellow passengers were your uncle and Mr. Bulmer."

Iris had long relinquished any hope of communicating with Bulmer until the present deadlock in the operations of the two armies was a thing of the past. Completely mystified now by Carmela's glib reference to the two men whose names were so often in her thoughts, though seldom on her lips, she could only gaze at the Senhora de Silva in silent bewilderment.

Carmela, feeling that she was gaining ground rapidly, affected a note of polite regret.

"Please forgive me for being so abrupt. Perhaps I ought to have prepared you. But it is quite true. Mr. Verity and Mr. Bulmer came with me from Europe. We all reached Pernambuco the day before yesterday. Indeed, if it were not for them and the assistance they gave me I would not be here now. No one recognized me, fortunately, and I hope you will not be vexed—I passed as Mr. Verity's niece. In fact, I took your place for the time."

"If Mr. Verity and Mr. Bulmer are in Brazil?" Iris began tremulously, but Carmela broke in, with a shrill laugh:

"There is no 'if.' Look below there, near my father's tent! They have arrived. They are asking for you. Come, let us meet them! I must see my father before he departs."

Iris' swimming eyes could not discern the figures to which Carmela was pointing. But this strange girl's triumphant tone rang like a knell in her heart. She was not thinking now of the complications that might arise between San Benavides and his discarded flame. She only knew that by some miracle her uncle had come to bring her home, and with him was the man to whom she was pledged, while Philip only

"YOU'VE GIVEN US A HALF AN HOUR AGO BARE DANCE," had told her he would not see her again until the following evening.

So this was the end of her dream. Dittersdorf it had been and long drawn out, but forthwith she must awake to the gray actualities of life.

She felt Carmela dragging her onward irresistibly, vindictively. She saw as through a mist David Verity's very hued face and heard his harsh accents. Yes, there was no mistake. Here was Bulmer transported to Brazil, Linden House to Las Flores!

"By gum, lass," he was following, with a touch of real sentiment in his voice, "you've given us a rare dance afore we caught up wi' you. But 'ere you are, bright as a cherry, an' 'ere is Dickey an' meself come to fetch you. Dash my wig, there's life in the old dogs yet, or we'd never ha' bin able to ride forty mile through this God for-

gotten country. An' damme if that isn't Coke, red as a lobster. Jimmie, me boy, put it therel! Man, but you're a dashed long way from port!"

Happily Iris was too stunned to betray herself. She extended a hand to the sun browned, white haired old man standing by her uncle's side.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHOWING HOW BRAZIL CHOSE HER PRESIDENT.

TWO thousand five hundred years ago the prophet Jeremiah expressed incredulity as to the power of an Ethiopian to change his skin or a leopard his spots. The march of the centuries has fully justified the seer's historic doubt, so it makes but slight demand on the critical faculties to assume that two years' residence in Europe had not cooled the hot southern blood flowing in Carmela's veins.

She had hated Iris before she set eyes on her. She hated her now that she had seen her rare beauty. She gloated on the suffering inflicted by the presence of the faded old man who claimed her as his bride. Though it was of the utmost importance that she should listen to her father, she returned to Las Flores in her rival's company, their arms linked in seeming friendship and the Brazilian girl's ears alert to treasure every word that told of Bulmer's wooing.

So Dickey contented himself by listening to Coke's Homeric account of the Andromeda's wrecking, and if he interposed an occasional question and thus drew the girl's sweet voice into the talk it was invariably germane to the strange history of the ship and her human freight.

Coke's narrative was picturesque and lurid. Every incident centered in the striking personality of Philip Hozier. From the instant the second shell struck the winch and laid him apparently dead on the fore-castle to the very hour of this coming together at Las Flores, Hozier held the stage. It was he who took Iris on his shoulders and brought her to safety through the spume of the wrathful sea, he who carried her to the boat, he who crossed Fernando Noronha alone to protect her.

Coke was impartial. He would have minimized his own singular bravery in running up the ship's signals had not Iris given him a breathing space while she enthralled the others with her description. Otherwise, Coke skipped no line of his epic.

"You'll recollect," he wheezed in a voice that rasped like a file, "you'll recollect, Mr. Verity, as I said to you that Hozier was good enough to take charge of the bridge of a battleship. By—well, anyhow it'd said the chance fleet I shouldn't 'ave bin talkin' through me 'at. Look at 'im now. 'E's the only reel live man Dom Wot's 'is name 'as got. Shik me, if it wasn't for the folk at 'ome an' the fac' that the Andromeda's skipper ought to keep clear of politics in this crimson country I'd 'ave a cut in at the game meself."

It might be hoped that Carmela's mood would soften when she discovered her rival's hapless love, but that would be expecting something which her bursting southern heart could not give. A volcano, pours forth lava, not water. It scorcheth, not heals. Iris, willing or not, had snatched her Salvador's allegiance. Carmela wanted to see those curved lips writhing in pain, those brown eyes dimmed, that smooth brow wrung with the grief that knows no remedy.

A fierce joy leaped up in her when Verity spoke of an early departure.

"You see, Iris," he explained, "these Brazilian ducks may be months in settling their differences. Dickey an' me, 'elped a lot by our consul, squeezed a pass out of the president—beg pardon, miss, but 'e is president, in Pernambuco at all events," he said in an apologetic aside to Carmela—"an' the sooner we make tracks for ole England the better it'll be for all of us. Wot do you say to an early start tomorrow? We'd be off tonight on'y I'm feared my rheumatic bones wouldn't stand the racket."

The color ebbed from Iris' face, but she said at once:

"I shall be ready, uncle, dear. I promised Dom Corria to look after the hospital appliances that are so much needed by the poor soldiers, but the Senhora de Silva will attend to that much more effectually than I."

"Good! Then that's settled."

Carmela, of course, did not believe in a woman's complacency in such a vital matter. She was ever prepared to spring, to strike, to wrench their plans to suit her own ends; but, contrive as she might, she could not succeed in leaving Iris alone with Bulmer. Full of device, she was foiled at each turn. The day wore, the sun went down, the starlit sky made beautiful a parched earth, but never a word in privacy did Iris exchange with her husband to be. Carmela's malice was not hidden from her, but she despised it. There was some ease for her tortured brain in defeating it. If the Senhora de Silva had only understood how thoroughly the Englishwoman loathed her petty jealousy it was possible that the few remaining hours of their enforced intimacy might have been rendered less irksome.

The future is the most cunning of playwrights. No man may tell what the next scene shall be. And no man nor any woman could guess the mad revel of hate and war that would rage that night around the placid home-stand of Las Flores.

Behind the veranda was a huge ball-room converted by the exigencies of the campaign into a dining hall for the many inmates of the finca. The Brazilian ladies, the sailors, some sick or wounded, officers who were not confined to bed, even the household servants, took their meals there in common. Supper was served soon after 9 o'clock. When cigars and cigarettes were lighted and the company broke up into laughing, gossiping, noisy groups, the place looked more like a popular continental cafe than a room in a private mansion.

Though De Silva, General Russo, San Benavides and some score of members of the president's staff who

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.



"WHAT, THEN? DOES THIS WOMAN COME HERE AND TAKE ALL?"

fainted—not quite, but on the verge, much nearer than such a strong minded young lady would have thought possible an hour earlier.

Maria screamed loudly. Tongue tied at first, she was badly scared when Carmela walked on her ample bosom. Restorative and endearments followed. Carmela asked to be taken to a room where she might wash and shake the dust from her hair and clothes. Maria considered ways and means. Every room in the big house was crowded.

"Who is in my own apartment?" demanded Carmela.

Even before the answer was forthcoming she guessed the truth. The Senhora Ingleza, of course. Those fine eyes of hers flashed dangerously.

"What, then? Does this woman come here and take all?" she cried.

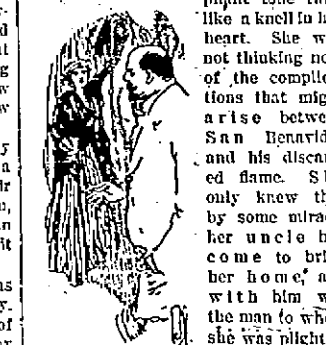
"Ah, peguinha, do not be angry!" said Maria. "Who save the good God could tell that you would come from Paris today? And the Senhora Ingleza will be glad to give place to you. She is so kind, so unselfish! All the men adore her."

"So I hear," murmured Carmela, trying to still the passion that throbbled in her heart, since she was aware that neither Maria nor any other among the old domestics at Las Flores knew of her engagement, and pride was now coming to her aid.

"She will have no word to say to any of them," gabbled Maria. "There is a young Englishman—well, it is no affair of mine, but I am told she loves him, yet is devoted to another, an old man too. Santa Mae! That would not suit me if I were her age!"

This homecoming of Carmela was quite an important event in its way. At first sight it bore the semblance of a mere disillusionment such as any girl might experience under like circumstances. She had been taken from Las Flores to occupy a palace at Rio de Janeiro and was driven from the palace to the hotel life of the continent. During two years she had not seen either father or lover, and lovers of the San Benavides ilk are apt to console themselves during these prolonged intervals. Yet Carmela's shattered romance was the pivot on which rested the future of Brazil.

Had she gone straight to Iris on leaving her father and made known the astounding tidings that Verity and Bulmer were riding up the Moxoto valley barely three miles away Iris would surely have devised some means of acquainting Philip Hozier with the fact. In that event, assuming that he awaited their arrival, the first march of an extended reconnaissance which he thought desirable would necessarily be postponed. And then—well,



"YOU'VE GIVEN US A HALF AN HOUR AGO BARE DANCE," had told her he would not see her again until the following evening.

So this was the end of her dream. Dittersdorf it had been and long drawn out, but forthwith she must awake to the gray actualities of life.

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Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middleboro, Portsmouth and Tiverton, 7.15 a. m.; then ten and fifteen minutes past the hour and half past the hour until 10.15 p. m.; then 1.15 p. m., Sundays, 6.50 a. m., then same as week days.

Return, leave City Hall, Fall River, for Newport via Tiverton, Portsmouth and Middleboro, 6.10 a. m.; then ten and fifteen minutes past the hour and half past the hour until 10.15 p. m.; then 1.15 p. m., Sundays, 6.50 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave City Hall, Fall River, for Stone Bridge only, 4.50 p. m., and 6.10 p. m.

Return, leave Stone Bridge for City Hall, Fall River, 4.50 p. m., and 6.10 p. m. Do not run Sundays.

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Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.50 p. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.25 p. m., then same as week days.

Return, leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 7.00 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.00 p. m., then same as week days.

Return, leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 7.25 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.00 p. m., then same as week days.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 10.15 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.25 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 10.40 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.25 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 11.25 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.25 a. m., then same as week days.

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Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 1.15 p. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.25 p. m., then same as week days.

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Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 2.30 p. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.25 p. m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 2.55 p. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.25 p. m., then same as week days.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 3.10 p. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.25 p. m., then same as week days.

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p. m., 1.25, 2.25, 3.25, 4.25, 5.25, 6.25, 7.25

p. m., 11.25 p. m., Sundays, 6.00 a. m., 8.00 a. m.,

10.00 a. m., 12.00 p. m., 2.00 p. m., 4.00 p. m.,

6.00 p. m., 8.00 p. m., 10.00 p. m., 11.25 p. m.,

Sundays, 6.00 a. m., 8.00 a. m., 10.00 a. m., 12.00

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12.00 p. m., 2.00 p. m., 4.00 p. m., 6.00 p. m.,

8.00 p. m., 10.00 p. m., 11.25 p. m., Sundays,

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The Mercury.
Established by Franklin in 1716.
Newport, R. I.
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.
Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, June 11, 1910.

The Republicans of Wisconsin in convention assembled endorsed President Taft's administration in a most hearty manner. Where was demagogue La Follette? He evidently is losing his grip on that state.

The Democrats are holding registration rallies in Providence, and trying to stir up some interest among the rank and file of their party. The card talkers are telling the few who are willing to stand on the corners and listen to their efforts of things about the "Wicked Republicans."

Governor Pothier made a brilliant and patriotic address at the 272nd Anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston on Monday. There was a notable gathering present including the Governors of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. Governor Pothier always speaks well of his state wherever he is.

In the next Rhode Island House of Representatives a majority of the members will be furnished by the five cities and one town in the Blackstone Valley. Providence, Pawtucket, Woonsocket, Central Falls and Lincoln would control the lower branch of the General Assembly should its members call together. These five towns will have fifty-one members. The entire Newport county will have eleven members. This county will have to fight for all it gets hereafter.

The Democratic and anti-Democratic papers are now prophesying that Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts are all doubtful States politically, and that the chances are that they will go Democratic this fall. In all these cases with these papers, the thought and the wish coincide, but they will doubtless have another "think" coming after election. The people of these New England States are not entirely given over to insurgency yet. When the votes are counted in November they will doubtless all be found where they have been since the founding of the party—in the Republican ranks.

After all, London's visitor from America only did what he had been publicly asked to do by one of London's great political newspapers. As long ago as May 21, the "Spectator" longed for a thousand pliers if only Mr. Roosevelt should go away without telling Englishmen "quite plainly" what he thought of them and their work at home and abroad. The "Spectator" expressed a hope that he'd be as free-spoken with them as with his own countrymen, and even suggested the Guildhall as a possible forum.—Exchange.

The ex-President took the hint and blurted out from the shoulder, and now they don't like it. The papers of England evidently did not know how small a hint was needed to draw the Colonel into the thicket of the fight.

The June elections in the various towns of the State show that the Republican party in Rhode Island is still alive. Nearly all the towns that have held their local town meetings this week have elected Republican town officers. The four towns of Narragansett, Smithfield, Glocester and West Greenwich held their meetings on Monday and all elected Republican town councils. On Tuesday town officers were chosen in South Kingstown, where the Republicans captured the town council the first time in ten years; in Hopkinton, Exeter, Richmond, Westerly and Lincoln. All these towns went Republican with the exception of Lincoln which chose Democratic council as usual. Exeter which deserted the Republican ranks last year came back into line this time and chose a solid Republican town council. This does not look much as though the Republican party was dead in Rhode Island.

Income Increasing.

May was a comforting month to the Treasury officials, for it furnished a surplus instead of a deficit to the monthly record of ordinary receipts and expenditures. The receipts amounted to \$51,008,383, a decrease of over \$1,500,000 as compared with those for the preceding month. The expenditures, on the other hand, amounted to only \$48,172,161, a decrease of over \$5,000,000 as compared with those for the month before. There was, therefore, an excess of ordinary receipts over ordinary expenditures of \$3,436,222, whereas in April there was an excess on the side of expenditures amounting to a little over \$600,000. Ordinary receipts for the eleven months of the fiscal year ending with May amounted to \$592,393,737, an increase of over \$47,700,000 as compared with the corresponding period of the preceding fiscal year. The expenditures, on the other hand, amounted to \$605,668,868, a decrease of over \$3,700,000, as compared with the like period in the fiscal year 1908-09. There was, therefore, a deficit of \$13,275,130 for the eleven months period on the basis of ordinary receipts and expenditures; whereas, at the end of May last year there was an excess of expenditures amounting to over \$60,700,000.

The inclusion of the receipts and ex-

penditures on account of the Panama canal and the public debt would further increase the excess of expenditures to over \$44,200,000, but that would be only a little over a third of the excess on the same side at the end of the corresponding period of the last fiscal year.

The Oregon Trail.

A bill to appropriate \$25,000 for the erection of tablets to mark the old Oregon trail has been reported favorably in the House of Representatives. It was framed by Representative Humphreys of Washington, is favored by all the members from the Pacific Coast, and is understood to have the support of all the representatives of the Trans-Mississippi States. Ezra Meeker, who traversed the trail in 1841 on his way to the valley of the Willamette, retraced this journey in 1906, and won some popular attention to the idea of setting up markers along the trail. President Roosevelt at that time had recommended an appropriation of \$50,000 for tablets to be set up at convenient distances along that ancient thoroughfare.

The Oregon trail was the oldest of the great highways west of the Mississippi, except that which led to Santa Fe. It extended from Independence, Mo., to the mouth of the Columbia, with diverging lines to Puget Sound and other parts of the old "Oregon country." With a length of more than 2000 miles, it followed the line of the Santa Fe trail for forty miles on its eastern end, and several hundred miles west of the Rocky Mountains the Mormon and the gold seekers' trails diverged from it to the southward. In the thirty years previous to the completion of the Union Central Pacific Railroad in 1869 more than 700,000 people traversed the Oregon trail during part or all of its course. The colonists along the trail between 1840 and 1846 aided in winning Oregon for the United States in the Anglo-American adjustment in the latter year, under which England moved her fur-trading posts to the north of the 49th parallel.

Ezra Meeker who traversed the trail in 1841 and again in 1906 is now going over it for the third time and a well-eligible spots for markers.

R. I. State College.

At the annual commencement of the Rhode Island State College at Kingston, there were present from this city Hon. and Mrs. Robert S. Burlingame, Mr. Burlingame being one of the board of managers, Hon. Robert S. Franklin, Robert Kerr, John P. Sauborn, Senator Henry C. Anthony of Portsmouth, Isaac Lincoln Sherman of Middletown, Walter Sherman of Newport, R. W. Peckham of Middletown, and several others. There was a large delegation present from all parts of the State.

The commencement exercises took place in the presence of a large audience. President Edwards presided and made a brief address. Ex-Governor Utter was the orator of the occasion and delivered an eloquent address to the graduates, using for his subject "Stop a Minute." He was followed by Governor Pothier with an address, principally devoted to the agriculture of Rhode Island and the adaptability of the state to various forms of crop raising. Lieutenant Governor Bill, President Francis of Brown University and Senator Sanborn of Newport made brief addresses. Governor Pothier then awarded the diplomas to the seven hundred graduates. This has been one of the most successful years in the history of the College. The people of Rhode Island are beginning to appreciate the good work this institution is doing.

Trustees of Long Wharf.

At the annual meeting of the Trustees of Long Wharf and Public School last week the following officers were elected:

- President—William H. Hammett.
 - Secretary and Treasurer—William A. Coggeshall.
 - Auditors—William H. Hammett, William A. Sherman.
- There was no vacancy in the list of trustees during the year, and the board is now made up as follows: Nicholas Underwood, William K. Correll, William A. Coggeshall, Thomas P. Peckham, William P. Sheffield, Thomas G. Brown, William H. Hammett, Thomas A. Lawton, Fred M. Hammett, Anthony Stewart, Albert R. Sherman, William B. Sherman, James P. Taylor, William A. Sherman, Edwin S. Burdick, Lewis L. Simmons, William P. Carr, John C. Seabury, Bradford Norman, T. T. Pitman, Harry G. Wilks.
- Mrs. Eva Rosabel Mott, widow of the late H. A. Mott of Block Island, was married in Attleboro last week to Mr. Herbert C. Nute of Providence. Mrs. Mott is the owner of the Ocean Cottage at Block Island which was formerly run by her husband and which is now leased to Mr. O. C. Rose. She is a sister of the late Capt. "Jem" Dodge and of Captain Edwin Dodge. She is well known in Newport.

MIDDLETOWN.

A large gathering of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday afternoon when funeral services were held for the late Mrs. Sarah Peckham Chase, who died on Wednesday night of last week. The pastor of the church, Rev. C. E. Delamater officiated. "Asleep in Jesus" and "There is a land that is farther than day" were the hymns sung by the church quartette, Messrs. Wm. J. and John H. Peckham, Mrs. Ida M. Brown and Mrs. John H. Peckham, and Mr. Delamater sang as a solo. "I will sing you a song of that beautiful land." The services included prayers, Scripture reading, the poem "Oh, Mother Earth," and the reading of an old hymn which Mrs. Chase recited at the services which were held the last day in the old church, "The tears of the sword and the song of the reaper." Portions of a letter from the former pastor, Rev. Harold H. Critchlow, were read making reference to her residing with this church during his pastorate. Mr. Delamater's remarks were taken from the text "Blessed are they which die in the Lord for they do rest from their labors and their works do follow them." The casket was borne by Messrs. William F. Smith, Ashton C. Barker, his twin brother, Allen P. Barker and James H. Barker.

The committee services were conducted by Mr. Delamater at the Chase family lot in the adjoining cemetery where the body was laid beside her husband, the late David Buffum Chase. There were many beautiful floral tributes including a pillow of white carnations and Easter lilies bearing the word "Mother." A large wreath of pink and white carnations from the grand-daughter, a large wreath from the Citizens' Association (Mrs. Chase's son, Mr. Arthur W. Chase being president of the town council), a star from the M. E. Church, a cluster of Easter lilies from the Epworth League and many other floral remembrances.

The children of the combined Sunday Schools of St. Mary's Church and the church of the Holy Cross will be the guests at Oakland farm, through the kindness of Mr. Alfred G. Vandenbilt, at their annual picnic which will take place soon after the close of the public schools. The program will include athletic sports with suitable prizes.

The poems recently published in the May and June edition of the monthly paper, "The Middletown Methodist," were written by Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell, president of the Middletown Women's Christian Temperance Union.

At the Thursday evening's meeting of Aquidneck Grange held at the town hall Mrs. William Clarence Peckham and Mr. Edward E. Peckham gave interesting talks upon "A Trip to the Sunny South." These grangers having spent several winters in Florida, Florida. A debate followed led by Mr. Joseph A. Peckham upon this subject, "Is it a fair proposition for the farmer to demand lower prices for what he buys and higher prices for what he sells?" The lecturer's hour was conducted by Mr. Charles H. Ward.

The ladies of St. Mary's Church are to give a strawberry supper at Holy Cross Guild House, West Main road, on Tuesday evening of next week, for the benefit of the choir fund. Ice cream and cake will be on sale and there will be dancing. The committee includes Mrs. Jeanette Coggeshall, chairman, Mrs. Anna Almy and Mrs. Gertrude Wilbur.

On Wednesday evening a very pretty wedding took place at the Schwartz cottage on Paradise avenue, the future home of the young couple, Miss Gladys Winslow Sherman, elder daughter of Mr. Harry W. Sherman of 34 Beach road (formerly of Glen Farm, Portsmouth), and Mr. Stephen Congdon Barker, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Barker of Paradise avenue. Miss Sherman is well known both in Portsmouth and Middletown having a fine soprano voice and having sung many occasions at the M. E. Church. The ceremony was conducted by the pastor of this church, Rev. C. E. Delamater, the Episcopal single ring service being used. The bride who was very attractive wore a tulle dress of Persian lawn with sleeves and yoke of lace and carried an arm bouquet of bride's roses. Her tulle veil was fastened with five flowers. She was attended by her sister, Miss Margaret Sherman, who wore pink tulle with lace bouquet and who carried an arm bouquet of pink carnations. The groom had as best man Mr. Clinton Ward and the ushers were Mr. James Barker, Jr., brother of the groom, and Mr. LeRoy Peckham. The gentlemen all wore bride's roses as boutonniere. Following the wedding reception, ice cream, macaroons and lady fingers were served, and wedding punch was served in the dining room. The house is all fitted for immediate housekeeping and presented a cozy appearance in all its attractive floral decorations in all the rooms both upstairs and down. The stair railing was wound in wicker which was largely used over the house in connection with daisies and yellow lilies. There was a handsome display of wedding gifts, many being in use and designated by bows of white ribbon. Mr. and Mrs. Barker left during the evening for the New York boat, cleverly plugging to escape the mob of decorated automobiles in waiting for them. They expect to take a short trip and will be "at home" after July 1st. The bride's going away gown was of blue mohair with a large black belt ornamented with ostrich plumes. Among the guests, some 60 in number, was the grandmother of the groom, Mrs. Julia Jones of New York, and Mrs. Mary E. Sherman of Newport, grandmother of the bride; also relatives from Melrose, Conn., and friends from New York, Newport and Portsmouth.

The 25th anniversary of the laying of the corner stone of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel of St. Columba's Day, there was an especial service of Holy Communion in which the pastor, Rev. Latta Grinnell was assisted by Rev. John B. Griswold. Two special prayers were used in the service, one of Rhode Island and the other called "The Bidding Prayer," which was of a somewhat nature and in which prayers were particularly requested for those who had been inquisitely associated with the chapel, Bishop Clark, Henry August Coit, rector of St. Paul's School, and Henry Morgan Stone, vicar of this parish.

Dr. Joseph Rogers, a native of Middletown, died this week in Chicago, where he had resided for about thirty years. He was a brother of Colonel John Rogers of this city and married a daughter of the late Dr. Charles Cotton, but she died some years ago. He was a well known and successful dentist in Chicago.

Washington Matters.

The President is on a Long Speaking Tour—Roosevelt is Likely to be Tendered the Appointment as Head of the Peace Commission—Postal Savings Banks are Likely to be Established by Congress.—Notes.

Washington, D. C., June 2, 1910.

The President is again about from the capital on a three or four days' tour, addressing communities and universities at their commencement exercises. It is no small thing for one of these institutions to have the President of the United States on the platform. He will make Monroe, Michigan, the first of his tour, where he will deliver an address at an inauguration of an equestrian statue of General Custer. No President has travelled so much and made as many speeches on so many different subjects as has President Taft. It is not what is called a great orator and is not always a happy speaker. He frequently tells anecdotes that lack elegance, although they cannot be classed as low or coarse, but he is always good-natured, never bitter or vindictive, and the audience is invariably impressed with his good faith, and that he is the very antithesis of Cressus in that he is both poor and hungry look and is not dangerous.

It is reported that it is the intention of the President to appoint ex-President Roosevelt as the head of a Peace Commission which some members of Congress in the Senate, are disposed to authorize by an appropriation bill for that purpose. The idea is that the Peace Commission should tour the world in an endeavor to have the sovereigns and chancellors of the great powers agree to a limitation of armaments and armaments with a view to limiting the staggering expense of military and naval establishments and in the interests of peace. It is said that Russia is on the verge of expending \$1,000,000,000 for the army and navy. This will necessarily arouse Japan to a like effort. Germany, notwithstanding her colonial military and naval establishments, will certainly not quietly sit by while Russia is organizing such a preponderant force, and Austria, France and England will also beset themselves with armaments as well.

Every laborer of Europe will have a soldier or sailor on his back. An army is productive of nothing but destruction. Every soldier and sailor is so much taken from the field of productive work and made to swell the ranks, not only of consumption, but of destruction. If the millions of soldiers now in armies throughout the world could only be converted to workers in the fields, in the factories, and the mines, the cost of living would be greatly decreased and that question would cease to trouble Congress and bread-winners. Think of what Russia might do with that one billion in the way of railroad building. That country has millions of square miles of as fine agricultural land as can be found anywhere, and cheap transportation would quickly quadruple their value and bring prosperity to a huddled million of very poor people. But Russia is under the immediate necessity of expending her millions in preparation to destroy instead of to produce. If the great powers of the world—the United States, Great Britain, Japan, Germany, Italy, Russia and France would agree to settle the exact ratio as to military establishments, they could reduce expenditures probably seventy-five per cent and still be on the same relative basis that they are now, and those millions could be turned to the material development of the unimproved parts of the world; so that thrift and prosperity might gladden the continents and the islands.

The appearances in Congress at present are decidedly in favor of legislation giving the country postal savings banks. The Republicans have agreed on a bill which will probably be passed at an early date. This bill fixes at 65 per cent the amount of the money deposited in these banks. The amount of funds that may be withdrawn by the board of trustees for investment in United States bonds is 80 per cent. There remains 5 per cent, which must be held as a permanent reserve in the United States Treasury. It is the opinion of financiers in Congress that the bill is more advantageous to the local banks throughout the country from which the postal savings funds are drawn, than was the bill recently proposed by the House Committee. That bill limited the amount to remain in the local banks at 47 1/2 per cent. It is probably that the bill will have a hard road to travel before it is enacted into law. It must pass the lower house and through conference committees be made acceptable to both the House and Senate, but it is held that there are no such wide differences as will prevent its final enactment before the end of the session.

STOPS AT ALTAR.

Wedding Ceremony Interrupted by Wife of Would-Be Bismarck—Fall River, Mass., June 7.—As Alois Wroblewski stood with 18-year-old Franceska Kot at the altar in the Polish Catholic church, and as he was about to make his solemn vow to cherish and protect the girl, a frantic, dishevelled woman rushed down the aisle and forbade Father Stanislaus to pronounce the words, which, it is alleged, would have made Wroblewski a bigamist.

She declared that she was the lawful wife of Wroblewski, that she had married him many years ago in Austria and that he had deserted her to come to this country.

Her proofs were produced and examined by the priest. The young bride fell in a faint before the altar and the groom rushed from the church.

The police will bring a charge of perjury against Wroblewski, who swore when taking out the marriage license that he had never been married before.

Homestead Bill Shelves—Boston, June 10.—The homestead bill, which provides that the state shall expend \$100,000 for the purchase of land for homes for workingmen in the manufacturing cities of the commonwealth, was referred to the next general court in the senate by a vote of 19 to 12.

Nothing For Brokers' Creditors—Boston, June 8.—That the 500 creditors of Sederquist, Harry & Co., bankrupt brokers, will receive nothing from their investments, was the statement at a special meeting for the allowance of claims at the office of Henry E. Warner, referee in bank-

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., June 9.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent June 15 to 19, with wave 14 to 18, cool wave 17 21. This will be more than usual, a severe disturbance but with less force than that of June 2 to 6.

That drought, that will be damaging crops about that time, will have a small check by this storm as rains will give a little relief. Then the drought will resume the control of crop conditions.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about June 22, cross Pacific slope by close of 23, great central valleys 24 to 26, eastern sections 27. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 22, great central valleys 24, eastern sections 25. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about June 25, great central valleys 27, eastern sections 28.

Temperatures of this disturbance will average above normal and rainfall below. Force of the disturbance will not be great and drought conditions will attract general attention.

Next rain of this disturbance will be about the great lakes and in Canada. Drought will prevail in the Ohio valley, the Mississippi valley and the Missouri valleys.

The drought in the sections named will bring serious damages to corn and oats. In the southern states the oats crop will be almost mature before the onset part of the June drought takes effect. In middle latitudes, near a line drawn from Philadelphia to Manhattan, and within 250 miles of that line, the oats will be in bloom and in that stage of maturity where drought will do most damage.

I do not expect a great failure in the oats crop. In some sections it will be good but as a whole the damage will be so great that I expect oats to go to 60 cents at Chicago. Therefore I advise farmers to sell no oats, old or new, till prices reach 50 cents at Chicago.

The June drought will strike the corn crop in a tender spot, and great damage will result. By the end of June I expect corn to reach 70 cents at Chicago and farmers should sell no more corn till the effects of the June drought are known.

The June drought will also damage cotton, but producers have sold their cotton and my advice can do them but little good unless they can cultivate for drought conditions.

My calculations, based on weather records covering over 75 years, clearly indicate this drought and besides this I submit that no one will remember two great oats crop in consecutive years. The 1909 oats crop was enormous all over the world and that alone should indicate that the 1910 crop will be much less.

The farmers still hold some surplus of the 1909 corn crop of a high grade. They sold their soft corn and kept their early and best corn. I am of opinion they will sell before this year's crops are made, 75 cents at Chicago for their old corn.

Mr. John Austin Stevens is seriously ill at his home on Rhode Island avenue.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

| JUNE 1910 | | STANDARD TIME | |
|-----------|-----------|---------------|-------|
| | | Rises | sets |
| 11 Sat | 4:28 7:31 | 11:35 10:48 | 10:56 |
| 12 Sun | 4:26 7:31 | 11:30 11:40 | 11:07 |
| 13 Mon | 4:25 7:30 | 11:25 11:35 | 11:02 |
| 14 Tues | 4:24 7:29 | 11:20 11:30 | 10:57 |
| 15 Wed | 4:23 7:28 | 11:15 11:25 | 10:52 |
| 16 Thurs | 4:22 7:27 | 11:10 11:20 | 10:47 |
| 17 Fri | 4:21 7:26 | 11:05 11:15 | 10:42 |

New Moon, 7th day, 8h. 15m., morning.
First Quarter, 14th day, 11h. 10m., morning.
Full Moon, 22d day, 3h. 12m., evening.
Last Quarter, 29th day, 11h. 59m., evening.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

62 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1837. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public. Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

Deaths.

In this city, 7th inst., Edward A. Johnson, aged 70 years.
In this city, 7th inst., at the residence of his parents, 11 Edgemoor street, Charles Franklin, son of Charles F. and Jessie E. Holmes, aged 6 years.
In this city, 10th inst., Amanda F. daughter of the late William and Susan A. Green, in her 66th year.
In Fall River, Mass., June 10th, 1910, at the residence of her parents, 105 1/2 Elm street, Beatrice daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Robert Hicks, aged 2 years.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. D. Carter

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and easy to take.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.

FOR INDIGESTION.

FOR TORPID LIVER.

FOR CONSTIPATION.

FOR BILIOUSNESS.

FOR SALLOW COMPLEXION.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.

Price 25 Cents.

Prepared by Wm. D. Carter, Lowell, Mass.

Solely for the Proprietor.

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

IS BOUND FOR HOME SHORES

Roosevelt's Travels Abroad Have

Come to an End

QUIETLY SLIPS FROM LONDON

Takes Long Jaunt Through Typical English Country; side and Motors to Southampton, Where He Boards Steamer—Ex-President Achieved Remarkable Popularity During His Visit to England

London, June 12.—Theodore Roosevelt's brief visit to England ended this morning, when he sailed from Southampton for New York.

Though unfortunately coinciding with the period of national mourning, and for that reason shorn of much of the splendor which would have accompanied it under happier circumstances, it was nevertheless one of the most noteworthy foreign visits paid to Great Britain's shores in recent years.

No foreign ruler or man of eminence could have aroused more universal attention, received a warmer welcome or achieved a greater popularity among every class of society.

It is true that his strictures on Egyptian affairs occasioned political resentment in some quarters, but he left no rancor behind, because he was regarded as a privileged guest in whom no unworthy or unfriendly motive could be suspected, and the frankness of his utterances is taken as a measure of the strength of the friendship binding the two nations.

The death of King Edward compelled the curtailment of public demonstrations and entertainments projected in his honor. Even at that, he was unable to accept half the invitations showered upon him. In characteristic fashion Roosevelt deprived Londoners of the opportunity of giving him a sendoff. Before the people were aware of his intention he had quietly left the city, not half a dozen persons knowing the time or the manner of his departure.

It appears that Roosevelt complained that he had not had time to see a hundredth part of the country. He particularly wanted to walk through a typical English countryside. Accordingly Sir Edward Gray, the foreign secretary, gave him a friendly challenge to tramp through New Forest, a picturesque and romantic spot, near Southampton, full of geological and antiquarian interest. Roosevelt accepted the challenge.

Sir Edward is a keen angler and deeply interested in ornithology, and the two started yesterday on a long tramp through the woods. They spent the night at an inn, motoring into Southampton this morning, where Roosevelt met his wife and family, who went from London to Southampton in a special car.

The party occupied the royal saloon on the special train, which proceeded to the docks, where a special tender chartered by the line conveyed them to the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, anchored in the Solent.

The ex-president had to decline the invitation of the mayor of Southampton to a public luncheon in his honor. He also expressed regret at his inability to lay the cornerstone of the memorial to be erected on the spot where the Pilgrim fathers sailed for America.

MORE SHOCKS IN ITALY

Earthquake's Death List Is Estimated at About Fifty

Naples, June 9.—A series of slight earth shocks was recorded by the seismographs at points in southern Italy. The disturbances, however, were not otherwise noticeable, and the people throughout the region that was severely shaken Tuesday are calmer in the hope that the worst is over.

The number of casualties resulting from the earthquake has not yet been definitely ascertained, some of the reports estimating the dead at fifty.

\$5000 SHORTAGE CHARGED

New Hampshire Postmaster Is In Custody of Deputy Sheriff

North Conway, N. H., June 7.—Charged with a shortage of \$5000 in his official accounts, Postmaster Arthur Charles of North Conway will be arraigned before the United States commissioner at Portsmouth.

Charles, who is now in the custody of Deputy Sheriff Seavey, is said to have followed the stock market quotations closely for a year or so.

He is 28 years old and unmarried and has been the local postmaster for five years. He is a Mason of high degree and has been prominent in church work. Postoffice Inspector Stone is at work upon the case.

BLOOD DENOTES NEGRO

Decision of Justice of District of Columbia Supreme Court

Washington, June 8.—Although Justice Wright of the supreme court of the District of Columbia declared in a decision that Isabel I. Wall bore no clear evidence of being a negro, he refused to order the board of education to admit her to the white schools. He did this on the ground that her father was a negro.

"The child's proportion of negro blood is one-eighth or one-sixteenth," said Wright. "Graduations shading toward fairness are of very insignificant concern in determining whether one is 'colored.'"

VESTAL VIRGINS.

They Kept the Sacred Fires Afloat in Ancient Rome.

Ovid tells us that the first temple of Vesta at Rome was constructed of wattle walls and roofed with thatch, like the primitive huts of the inhabitants. It was little other than a circular covered fireplace and was tended by the unmarried girls of the community. It served as the public hearth of Rome, and on it glowed, unextinguished throughout the year, the sacred fire which was supposed to have been brought from Troy and the continuance of which was thought to be linked with the fortunes of the city.

The name Vesta is believed to be derived from the same root as the Sanskrit was, which means "to dwell, to inhabit," and shows that she was the goddess of home, and home had the hearth as its focus. A town, a state, is but a large family, and what the domestic hearth was to the house the temple of the perpetual fire became to the city. Every town had its vesta, or common hearth, and the colonies derived their fire from the mother hearth.

Should a vestal maiden allow the sacred fire to become extinguished she was beaten till her blood flowed, and the new fire was solemnly rekindled by rubbing together of dry wood or by fusing of sun's rays. The circular form and domed roof of the temple of Vesta were survivals of the prehistoric huts of the aborigines, which were invariably round.—Cornhill Magazine.

RAIN FORMATION.

Cold Air Squeezes the Moisture Out of Warm Air.

Warm air is capable of holding more moisture in suspension than is cold air. When by any means a layer or current of warm air which is saturated with moisture is suddenly cooled a portion of the vapor must fall as rain. Cold shrinks the heated air as pressure does a wet sponge and with precisely the same results. In mountainous countries this cooling down of the warm and damp air is most commonly produced by the air being brought into the neighborhood of mountain tops, which are cold.

It is for this reason that in such countries the showers mostly originate among the mountains and come through the valleys out upon the plains.

It will be easily understood that the higher the mountain the more striking will be the effects produced. If it be a snow capped peak in a tropical region a cloud will be formed such as to conceal the summit all the time. This cloud will be constantly growing on the side of the mountain toward which the currents of warm and moist air are set, for on that side the air is being cooled down, but after it has been driven over the peak it will waste away as rapidly, for it is then coming in contact with warmer air again.

From such high peaks the cloud rarely breaks away as a shower. All the surplus moisture of the air is deposited in the form of rain or snow upon the peaks over which the air passes.

The Jellyfish.

The bay of Naples abounds in medusae, or jellyfish, often growing as large as two feet in diameter and weighing fifty and sixty pounds. Some of them shine at night with a greenish light and are known as noctiluca (night lanterns) by the natives. The jellyfish sometimes make migrations in great groups, sometimes so large and so thick as to impede the navigation of vessels, like the floating plants in the Sargasso sea of the tropics. These shoals of medusae, as they are called, may be so dense that a piece of timber plunged in among them will be held upright as if stuck in the mud, and ordinary rowboats cannot force their way through them. Their migrations have never been explained. They are irregular and occur at no particular season of the year and under no particular influences.

The Record of Raindrops.

It is by carefully noting small and apparently insignificant things and facts that men of science are enabled to reach some of their most surprising and interesting conclusions. In many places the surface of rocks, which millions of years ago must have formed sandy or muddy seapatches, is found to be pitted with the impressions of raindrops. In England it has been noticed that in many cases the eastern sides of these depressions are the more deeply pitted, indicating that the raindrops which formed them were driven before a west wind. From this the conclusion is drawn that in the remote epoch when the pits were formed the majority of the storms in England came from the west, just as they do today.—Harper's Weekly.

A Tree in a Thunderstorm.

Every one is aware that it is not wise to seek a tree's shelter in a thunderstorm, but if you must take refuge there then climb to the topmost branches. It has been proved that the upper boughs of trees during a storm would be the safest position, and it is said that birds in the branches are seldom killed. When the tree is struck by lightning it is the trunk which, presumably from its greater dryness, is a bad conductor and which therefore suffers the most.

Very Like a Bull.

An Irish litterateur when eating an apple pie flavored with a few green gooseberries exclaimed with gusto, "Ah, what a delicious apple pie it would be if it was all made of green gooseberries!"

Keeping Company.

"They kept company for a long time before they were married."

"Yes, and they've kept it most of the time since. Her relatives seem bound to live on them."

The worst use that can be made of success is to boast of it.

ECCENTRIC BRIGNOLI.

Some of the Peculiarities of the Once Famous Tenor.

Brignoli, the great tenor, was so careful of his voice when he had to sing that he would not speak at all and was in the habit of writing his wishes on a piece of paper. During the last years of his life he lived at the Everett House, New York, when not on the road. It took him at least three-quarters of an hour to go from his room to the sidewalk. He must get used to the changes very gradually. Leaving the room, he would pace up and down the hall for ten or fifteen minutes until thoroughly "acclimatized," as he himself would say, and from there would go to the lobby to experience for twenty minutes a slightly lower degree of temperature.

At the end of half an hour he usually reached the vestibule, where he would pass another quarter, opening the outer door occasionally to get a taste of the fresh air. When thoroughly acclimatized here he buttoned his greatcoat close about him and stepped out on the pavement.

Brignoli never was known to be ready to go on the stage to sing his part. He had to wait one minute or several minutes before appearing. In this he was a great trouble to managers. "Just give me one minute more," he would beg, and when that was up he would plead for another and another till all patience was exhausted.

THE GREEN FIEND.

Absinth Was Originally a Harmless Medical Remedy.

Absinth, the green fiend that saturates fashionable France, was originally an extremely harmless medical remedy.

It was a French physician who first used it. His name was Ordinaire, and he was living as a refugee at Courvet, in Switzerland, at the close of the eighteenth century. Like many other country doctors at that time, he was also a druggist, and his favorite remedy was a certain elixir of absinth which he alone had the secret.

At his death he bequeathed the formula to his housekeeper, Mlle. Grandpierre, and she sold it to the daughters of Lieutenant Henriot. They cultivated in their little garden the herbs necessary for concocting it, and after they had distilled a certain quantity of the liquid they sold it on commission to itinerant peddlers, who quickly disposed of it in the adjacent towns and villages.

Finally, during the first decade of the nineteenth century, a wealthy distiller purchased the formula, and very soon afterward he placed on the market the modern absinth, which differs greatly from the old medicinal remedy, since the latter contained no alcohol and very little absinth.

A Painter's Troubles.

The desire of the Bank of England, officials to discover forgers has sometimes led to curious mistakes. On one occasion the painter, George Morland, in his eagerness to avoid his duns, retired to an obscure hiding place in Hackney, where his anxious looks and secluded manner of life induced some of his neighbors to believe him a forger of notes then in existence. The directors, on being informed, dispatched some dexterous detectives to the residence, but Morland's suspicions were aroused by their movements in front of the house and, thinking them burglars, escaped from the back to London. Mrs. Morland informed the visitors of her husband's name and showed them some unfinished pictures. The facts were reported to the directors, who presented Morland with two twenty-pound notes by way of compensation for the alarm.

She Didn't Dance.

In 1736 a gentleman living in Hampshire, England, named Samuel Baldwin, died after a rather stormy and most unhappy married life. In his will he directed that all his vast estate be given his wife on condition that she should dance upon his grave from time to time. As the will further instructed that his remains should be taken by boat to the Needles and from there cast into the sea, this, of course, prevented his widow from fulfilling the conditions of the will and thus lost her the property. He, however, had his revenge for the various tempers she had exhibited during their life together and for the remarks she often made that she "would yet dance upon his grave."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

His Job.

Joe—I have got a good job at last, Ben, me boy.

Ben—What be doin'?

Joe—Oh, I'm a cashier in a p'lice ords, and a rattlin' good job it is.

Ben—A cashier in a p'lice ords, Joe. What's that? I never heard of that afore. What's yer dooty?

Joe—Duty? I counts the coppers as they come in.—London Answers.

Pretty icy.

"So she treated you coldly?"

"Coldly! Say, I'd have had to have a sextant and an artificial horizon to be able to find out what latitude I was in if I had been there for that purpose."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sad Thought.

He—Why are you so sad, darling? She—I was just thinking, dearest, that this is the last evening we can be together till tomorrow.—Chicago News.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home.—Young.

Much Interested.

"I hope you will be interested in yonder gentleman," said the hostess. "I have assigned him to take you out to dinner."

"I shall be," responded the lady addressed. "That gentleman was formerly my husband, and he's behind with his alimony."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Chamois Trail.

Every day at noon at Grindelwald there is a rush of visitors for the telescopes in order to gaze at one of the most interesting natural scenes in the Alps, "the chamois trail." Regularly at this hour a herd of twenty to thirty chamois may be seen passing in the Indian file up the yawning abysses of the precipitous Mettenberg rocks, separating two glaciers, the male animals leading the way, the king of the herd keeping twenty yards in advance and on the watch. At the bottom of the Mettenberg, where the slope is freed from snow, the chamois find a meager subsistence when their usual feeding grounds are under deep snow. It is a curious fact that the chamois descend to their feeding grounds at dawn, when there is little likelihood of avalanches, and return to their haunts at an hour when avalanches for this portion of the mountain have frequent avalanches—have already fallen and the danger is past.—Geneva Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

Pussy and the Burglar.

A good dog has hitherto been considered the best protection against burglars, but a certain old lady differs from this view. She believes in cats, and her house being broken into not long ago, she proceeded to put her theory into practice, and with marvellously good results. The midnight burglar had not long struck when she heard unusual sounds in the hall below. She slipped out of bed, took her faithful feline in her arms and walked quietly on to the landing. She leaned over. The burglar was on the stairs. Suddenly in an unlucky moment he struck a match upon the staircase. The lady could see the burglar, but the burglar could not see the lady. She held puss up and then dropped her upon the burglar's head. The cat uttered an unearthly screech and then commenced to scratch for all it was worth. Puss was certainly the willing worker. The next instant the man was outside in the street.—Manchester Guardian.

Whistler's Friendships.

That Whistler, the man of famous enemies, had faithful friends is recalled by Ford Madox Hueffer, writing of the pre-Raphaelites in Harper's Magazine. Madox Brown had a circular printed drawing the attention of all his old patrons to the merits of Whistler's etchings and begging them in the most urgent terms to make purchases because Whistler was in indigent circumstances. The story is that upon one occasion Madox Brown, going to a tea party at the Whistlers' in Chelsea, was met in the hall by Mrs. Whistler, who begged him to go to the painter's and purchase a pound of butter. The bread was cut, but there was nothing to put upon it. There was no money in the house, the painter had cut off his credit, and Mrs. Whistler said "she dared not send her husband, for he would certainly punch the tradesman's head."

Why He Waited.

The man who is anxiously watching the steeple jack at work 300 feet from the ground is approached by a passing acquaintance.

"Hello, Brown!" says the latter. "Are you still here? It's fully an hour ago that I saw you standing in the very same spot."

"That fellow up there gives me the cold shivers," says Brown. "He makes me feel weak in the knees."

"Going back to your office?" inquires the friend.

"I guess so," Brown reluctantly replies. "There doesn't seem to be much use in waiting any longer. I don't believe he is going to fall."

And he turned away with a lingering glance at the intrepid jack.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Great Age of Halley's Comet.

While Halley's comet has been identified as a member of our system for over 2,000 years, certain characteristics of its orbit lead us to believe that it has been with us at least ten or perhaps 100 times as long as that. According to all accounts, it was a magnificent object at the time of the Norman conquest in 1066. Its head was equal to the full moon in size, and its tail increased to a wonderful length.—Century.

A Quirky Hiding Place.

"During a furious storm in Paris a janitor was struck on the shoulder by a small but heavy tin box which had fallen from an upper story of a house in the Rue de l'Ouest. The box was found to contain \$6,000 in gold and notes. It was claimed at the police station by an elderly woman, who said that the money constituted her entire savings, which she had hidden by tying the box to the drainpipe outside her window."

Another Theory Demolished.

"It costs nothing to be polite."

"You're wrong. While I was politely picking up a glove for a lady yesterday my new four dollar hat blew off and rolled in front of a passing trolley car."—Chicago Record-Herald.

How He Got Out of It.

"My dear, before marriage you told me all your doings."

"Yes, but now I have come to think such talk savors too much of egotism."—Lippincott's.

Inherited.

Knicker—Jones is all the time wanting more money. Becker—No wonder; his father was a college president and his mother was a woman.—New York Sun.

He only confers favors generously who appears, when they are once conferred, to remember them no more.—Johnson.

A Gentle Hint.

Young Man—Your twin daughters meet absolutely inseparable. The Mother—Oh, I don't know. A young man with half a million, like yourself, ought to make good as a separator.—Chicago News.

This world is to the sharpest heaven to the most worthy.—Cicero.

A Nice Calculation.

Two very dear old ladies walked up to the window where tickets were to be sold for two popular concerts. They wanted tickets for both nights; but, alas, those for the second evening were all gone! This was the more popular entertainment of the two.

"I'm so sorry, my dear!" pattered one of the old ladies to the other. "We did want to go, didn't we, and we wanted to go both nights?"

"You couldn't give us two tickets for each night?" inquired the other of the clerk.

"No, ma'am."

"You haven't two seats anywhere for the second night?"

"No, ma'am. Couldn't give you nose room."

A great resolution beamed upon her gentle face.

"Then," said she firmly, "give me four tickets for the first night. We will make them do."

"Why, sister," quavered the other, "you're going to invite somebody?"

"No," said she, "but if we can't go both nights!" She paused, bewildered, quite out of her calculation. Then a happy thought struck her, and she added, "We'll go twice the first night!"—Youth's Companion.

A Wandering Lake.

Lake Nor, in the Tuli desert, in southwestern Asia, which has been called the "wandering lake," presents a phenomenon about which contradictory views have been entertained. Perhaps the Swedish explorer Sven Hedin has given the most plausible explanation touching this phenomenon.

It appears, according to that explorer, that the Tuli river, entering the lake from the west, brings down during the period of high water late in summer a great quantity of salt, which has the effect of driving the lake lying on the level floor of the desert toward the southeast. But the summer wind, drifting the surface sand and darkening the heavens with dust, blows generally from the northeast, and it, too, tends to drive the lake before it. The combined effect of the urging by the wind and the river is to force the lake southward. Yet it is thought the migration of the lake is not constant in direction, but it shifts back and forth intermittently, according as the circumstances change.

She Forgot.

At 3 o'clock the absentminded woman left home with an umbrella. At the subway station she concluded it wouldn't rain and left the umbrella with the corner newsdealer. When she came back at 6 o'clock it was raining. Boys with umbrellas to rent darted toward her, when she appeared at the head of the subway stairs. She paid one boy 10 cents to escort her home. Then she remembered her own umbrella. Sheltered by a borrowed umbrella, she went back to get it. The newsdealer looked uneasy.

"Just a minute," he said. "Oh, Tom, come here!"

A small boy dodged around the corner of the stand and handed over a dripping umbrella. The absentminded woman looked at the boy; she looked at the umbrella. She recognized both. "Idiot!" she said. "I paid that boy 10 cents for taking me home with my own umbrella."—New York Press.

The Amen of Nature.

Do you ever wonder why poets talk so much about flowers? Did you ever hear of a poet who did not talk about them? Don't you think a poem should, for the sake of being original, should leave them out would be like those verses where the letter a or e or some other is omitted? No; they will bloom over and over again in poems as in the summer fields, to the end of time, always old and always new. Why should we be more shy of repeating ourselves than the spring be tired of blossoms or the night of stars? Look at nature. She never wears of saying over her old paternalistic. In the crevices of cyclopean walls, in the dust where men lie, dust also; on the mounds that bury huge cities, the Birs Nemrout and the Babel heap, still that same sweet prayer and benediction. The amen of nature is always a flower.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The First Fork.

The first fork? The fork, as a matter of fact, did not appear as a table implement until the seventeenth century, though as early as the thirteenth century gold and silver ones were made for special purposes. The ordinary silver was only provided with a trencher, a napkin and a spoon. For knife he used his own, which he carried about, and, worse, there was no second trencher, no second spoon. When the several courses came along he exercised his ingenuity and mopped his trencher with his bread. His spoon—well, we ourselves lick postage stamps.—London Chronicle.

Comparing Notes.

Mrs. Slowboy—My husband's so lazy that if it wasn't for me I don't believe he would get up in time to go to bed. Mrs. Rounder—My husband's different. He scarcely goes to bed in time to get up.

Appropriate Treatment.

The Thoughtful Man—What would you recommend as treatment for a man who is always going around with a poor mouth? The Funny Fellow—Send him to a dentist.

He Did.

"Did Simkins get any damages in that assault case?"

"Did he? My dear fellow, you ought to see his face."

An Exception.

Binks—Here is somebody who says that no woman is a suffragist unless she has a grouse on some man. Sinks—That's queer. My wife isn't a suffragist.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pa Was Wise.

"Papa, what is quiet hostility?"

"Quiet hostility, little Jim, is the way in which when I decline to give you a penny you sneak round behind my chair and make faces."—Scraps.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

J. C. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE DEAD SEA.

Old Popular Beliefs About It That Are Not Founded on Fact.

The Dead sea is a remarkable lake, forty-six miles long and from five to nine miles wide, situated in the southeast of Palestine and known from the time of Jerome (340-420 A. D.) as the "Dead" sea, because no fish of any kind have ever been found in its waters. Its surface, which is lower than that of any other body of water known, is 1,292 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. At its northern end it has a depth of about 1,300 feet, while the water at the southern extremity is only from three to twelve feet deep.

The Dead sea is fed by the Jordan from the north, but has no outlet, the water being apparently carried off, by evaporation. The water of the Dead sea contains a large amount of the salts of magnesia and soda; as a consequence its specific gravity is high, and bathers float in it with ease.

The popular notions that the Dead sea exhales noxious vapors and that birds cannot fly over its surface and remain unharmed are not founded on fact.

According to tradition, Sodom and Gomorrah, "the cities of the plain," stood on the site now occupied by the Dead sea. This view, however, is no longer entertained, and it is now considered certain that the Dead sea existed in its present state during the days of Abraham and even much earlier.—New York American.

The Oldest Death Sentence.

The oldest death sentence extant is found in the Amherst papyrus containing the trials of state criminals in Egypt, about 1800 B. C. The criminal in this case was found guilty of magic, which his judges said "was worthy of death, which he carried out, and he killed himself," apparently by stabbing, as in the Japanese harakiri, which is also of very ancient origin.

Among less civilized peoples drowning would seem to have been the earliest method of legal punishment, for about 450 B. C. the Britons killed their criminals by throwing them into a quagmire. Of other than capital punishments the oldest recorded comes from Chaldea, where it was enacted some 6,000 years ago that when any one maimed a slave "the hand that thus offended should pay him each day a measure of corn."

Couldn't Frighten Him.

An Indian maharajah once received Lord Clive, the famous soldier, in his palace court. Presently in sprang two whooping big Bengal tigers, as big as ever grew. They rolled and sprawled and romped all over the court, growled, split and struck at each other. All the time the rajah slyly and sneakily stole glances at Clive to see if it would scare him green white. After a little the tigers were driven out. Clive smoked his cheroot all the while.

Birds and Lightning.

Birds are sometimes struck by lightning. Darwin records the case of a wild duck that he saw struck by a bolt while flying. It was killed instantly and fell to the ground. But birds seem to know instinctively that lightning is to be feared. That perhaps is why they seek shelter in thunderstorms. The sudden disappearance of the birds is, indeed, in the country one of the surest signs of an approaching tempest.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Paid For Style.

"Room and a bath, sir," said the hotel clerk politely. "52 a day."

"I said room and bath, young man," interrupted the pompous man. "Understand—bath!"

"Oh, room and bath? Beg pardon, sir. Then the rates will be \$5 a day."—Pittsburg Press.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Old Fashioned Woman.

"What caused your sudden blowing in?" asked a veteran in Shade Land of a woman who just arrived. The woman gave a sigh that blew over a tombstone as she replied: "I am an old fashioned woman, and I did my work in a kitchen with a six hole range, a big sink, three long cabinets, two pantries and a dishpan large enough to wash a turkey in. Two days ago I went to visit my daughter in a big city and found her cooking for her family in a chafing dish, doing her dishes in a washbowl and keeping them stored in the lower part of the washstand. When I saw her get the bread out of a big bowl on the piano called a Jurkhiere and reach for the butter out of the window I felt a cold chill come over me, and when she made soup by opening a tin can and pouring out a mess to which she added water from the wash pitcher I knew no more." Then the old fashioned woman gave such a sniff of disgust it blew all the shades over into the next county.—Atchison Globe.

Trepas.

The man was neither neatly nor well dressed. He was plainly a tramp, begging, and had just turned away from one passerby when he saw a young man walking briskly toward him. "Please, mister," said the tramp, "can you give me a dime to get something to eat?"

The young man stopped. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Can't get work," said the other glibly. "I haven't had a bite to eat since yesterday morning. Paved all my clothes 'cepting these. Slept under a wharf for a week, and I don't know anybody in the whole city—honest, I don't."

The young man looked at the tramp's smooth face, over which a razor had evidently passed very recently.

"Who shaved you this morning?" he asked, and as the beggar faded away the young man grinned and walked on down the street.—Youth's Companion.

A Master Tactician.

"Why," expostulated the lady in the brown dress when the artist who had painted a portrait of her little daughter said the price of the picture was \$100, "you charged Mrs. Crawford only \$68 for the picture you painted of her Lucy."

"I am aware of that fact, my dear madam," the suave and polite artist hastened to explain. "but you must consider the great difference in the costs of the paints used for the hair of the two children. The scant, drab colored hair of the Crawford child required just a touch of the cheapest kind of pigment, but the wonderfully beautiful and luxuriant curls of your lovely daughter required a large quantity of the best paints on the market."

Then the lady in the brown dress smiled, took out her purse and begged the artist's pardon for having spoken rudely to him.—Chicago News.

The Battle of Chalons.

There have been so many bloody battles it is perhaps impossible to say with absolute certainty which of them all was the bloodiest, but the balance of the evidence seems to be in favor of the battle of Chalons, France, fought A. D. 451 between the Huns, under Attila, and the Romans, Goths and Franks, under the command of Aetius, the most renowned captain of his day. At the head of his 500,000 of savages Attila was having everything his own way, and it looked as if Aryan civilization was destined to fall before the Tartar despotism, when suddenly, like the bolt out of the blue, Aetius fell upon the barbaric hordes and Europe was saved. It is estimated that 400,000 of the barbarians were left dead on the field.

SANTAL MIDY

These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Capivi, Gels or Injections, and RELIEVE in 24 HOURS all the diseases without inconvenience.

J. C. FLETCHER, NEW YORK.

Our National Game.

"The new American citizen," says Ellis Parker Butler in *Success Magazine*, "who takes his seat at a ball game for the first time feels as he would should be dropped into the Metropolitan Opera House and find himself hearing Wagnerian opera from a seat in the midst of seasoned German opera goers. He hears a language that is new to him. The man at his right and left tell him about the first baseman's peculiarities than he could tell about the manners of his own wife. The man at his left has trouble remembering the size collar he wears, but he can name every man in every club of both major leagues, tell the age of each, give the complete table of batting records offhand and recite, item by item, every feature of every game played on the home grounds during the last five years. That is why baseball is our national game. We love the game not because we are Americans and the Chicago nine wins nor because we are Pittsburghers and the Pittsburgh nine is winning, but because we are educated in baseball and like to see a good game played by the best men in their field that can be found in the world."

Her Father's Job.

The young daughter of a popular Chicago clergyman some time ago manifested a quick wit. Her father had gone on a brief holiday with a business partner and associate, and the talk of the children turned on the problem of which father needed the rarest rest most sorely.

"Well, I think my father works the hardest," said little Miss Business, "and his work keeps him stirred up and anxious most of the time." "Your father may work the hardest in one way," was little Miss Clergyman's answer, at once thoughtful and diplomatic, "but I think he gets more rest as he goes along. You see, he can let down a little evening and Sunday, and if he gets cross and nervous nobody says anything. But my daddy has to be better than ever Sunday and evenings, because then everybody's taking notice and the whole lot of us children are around."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Shortened His Wait.

"Experience," said Mark Twain once, "makes us wise, but it also makes us hard. Consider the old, experienced man in the busy restaurant. He took a seat, looked round him, and, pointing to a well-dressed gentleman who had not yet been served, said to the waiter:

"Walter, how long has that gentleman been here?" "About twelve minutes, sir," the waiter answered. "What's his order?" "Porterhouse and French fried, sir, with white rice and coffee to come."

"The old man, hardened by experience, slipped a quarter in the waiter's hand. "Walter," he said, "I'm in a hurry. Put on another porterhouse and bring me his."

Fresh Discovery of an Old Truth. Helen's enjoyment of the party given in honor of her ninth birthday was nearly spoiled by the ill-tempered outbreaks of a very pretty and well-dressed little girl who was among her guests. A peacekeeper appeared, however, in a plump and rather shabby child, who proved herself a veritable little angel of tact and good will.

After her playmates were gone Helen talked it all over very seriously with her mother. She summed it up in this piece of philosophical wisdom: "Well, I've found out one thing, mamma. Folks don't always match their outside."—Woman's Home Companion.

Salt and Health.

Few persons understand the therapeutic value of salt. A little salt in one's drinking water is "good medicine." Salt applications to the skin are wonderfully soothing and wholesome. There is nothing better as a wash for the throat and the nasal passages to prevent or to cure catarrhal troubles than a solution of common salt in plain water—the cheapest remedy one can find. Many persons give their eyes a daily bath of cold salt water with satisfactory results.

The Married Voice.

A dramatic critic has been saying that our most accomplished players cannot reproduce on the stage the "married voice," even when they are married. There is a peculiar domestic note—used at home—which cannot get over the footlights and was never meant for publicity.—London Chronicle.

Soporific.

"I heard one man," said the playwright, "who attended the premiere of my new play last night complain that it was so late when he got out."

"Yes," quipped the critic. "And yet the final curtain fell before 10:45."

"Ah, perhaps he overslept himself!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

In Half Mourning.

"I don't understand you, Linda. One day you're bright and jolly and the next depressed and sad."

"Well, I'm in half mourning; that's why."—Ellegende Blatter.

Last Both Ways.

"Did you get in without your wife hearing you last night?"

"No, and I didn't get in without hearing her, either."—Houston Post.

Between friends frequent reproof makes the friendship distant.—Confucius.

"I am dissatisfied with your account of my discovery," declared the scientist. "I told you that it would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this discovery." "Well," said the reporter, "you didn't try."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"The paper states that eggs have gone up \$2 a crate."

"A crate?"

"Oh, pshaw! I read it wrong. It's \$2 a crate."

An Artful Camp.

"A man's first night in a canvas tent in the woods is likely to be rather wakeful," says Commander Perry in *Hampton's*. "The noise makes mysterious noises, the dogs bark and light outside the tent, where they are tethered, and as three Eskimos and one white man usually occupy a small tent and the oil stove is burning all night the air, notwithstanding the cold, is not overpure, and sometimes the Eskimos begin chanting to the spirits of their ancestors in the middle of the night. Sometimes, too, the new man's nerves are tried by hearing voices howl in the distance. The tents are especially made. They are of light-weight canvas, and the floor of the tent is sewed directly into it. The fly is sewed up, a circular opening in it just large enough to admit a man, and that opening fitted with a circular flap, which is closed by a drawing, making the tent absolutely snow proof. An ordinary tent when the snow is flying would be filled to no use."

"The tent is pyramidal, with one pole in the center, and the edges are usually held down by the sledge runners or by snowshoes used as tent pegs. The men sleep on the floor in their clothes with a musk ox skin or a couple of deer skins wrapped around them."

"The kitchen box for our sledge journeys is a wooden box containing two double burner oil stoves with four inch wicks. The two cooking pots are the bottoms of five gallon coal oil tins fitted with covers. When packed they are turned bottom side up over each stove, and the blinged cover of the wooden box is closed."

"On reaching camp, whether tent or snow igloo, the kitchen box is set down inside. The top of the box is turned up and keeps the heat of the stove from melting the wall of the igloo or burning the tent. The blinged front of the box is turned down and forms a table. The two cooking pots are filled with pounded ice and put on the stove. When the ice melts one pot is used for tea and the other may be used to warm beans or to boil oatmeal if there is any."

"Each man has a quart cup for tea and a hunting knife which serves many purposes. He does not carry a fork, and one teaspoon is considered quite enough for a party of four. Each man helps himself from the pot—sticks to his knife and lances out a piece of meat."

"The theory of field work is that there shall be two meals a day, one in the morning and one at night. As the days grow short the meals are taken before light and after dark, leaving the period of light entirely for work. Sometimes it is necessary to travel twenty-four hours without stopping for food."

Followed the Book.

"Die, Bertrand Maltravers!" blazed the villain. And the hero of the piece prepared to fall and perish, as per instructions of the prompt book.

But, alas, the revolver with which the fell deed was to be executed failed to do its horrid work. The villain, however, was a man of resource.

He stooped behind his victim and smote him on the head with the butt end of the refractory weapon, and the hero, thinking one death as good as another, fell to the ground.

All would have gone well now, but the promoted super, who was taking the part of the policeman who discovered the body, was late in taking his cue. He walked on and in due course found the body. He was not a funny man by any means, but still his first words caused a yell of laughter. "Shot!" he cried tragically. "He's been shot through the back!"—London Scraps.

The Large Hat.

A new development of the high hat craze is very amusing. In Paris the waiters in the fashionable restaurants are on the verge of revolt. They say that it is impossible to serve properly where ladies wear such enormous hats and that the difficulty of dodging the brims, which come out over the chairs and cover the shoulders of the gentlemen of the company, is playing havoc with their nerves.

They want the managers of restaurants to insist on small hats, or to get ladies to remove them altogether.—M. A. P.

A Peculiarity of Dreams.

As to dreams, there was a discussion at the club lunch, and one man remarked that no man dreamed of himself as braver than he is. When the dream came the dreamer was always the under dog. He was in horrible danger and never did anything picturesque to face it. There may be men who are brave in their sleep, but it would be interesting to find one man outside of the dozen sleeping cowards who is a hero in a dream.—London Chronicle.

"What I want," said the man who was looking for a house, "is a place with a fine view."

"Well," replied the real estate agent, "I've got what you want. But I'll cost you several thousand dollars extra."

"You're sure the view is right?"

"Couldn't be better. By climbing on the roof you can see the baseball games."—Washington Star.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "you're thinkin' right now dat if I'll chop some wood or cut da grass you'll give me some lunch." "Correct! You can go right to work." "Oh, I shut chup!" or cuttin'! I'm a mild reader lan't was practicin' a little."—Washington Star.

First Horseman (brulging up the rear of a large field)—I thought you were going to make the pace for us? Second Horseman—No fear, old chap! If one of that crowd in front comes down, I'd rather be on top than at the bottom, thank you.—Punch.

Shopman—Whose badge is that you're wearing, missy? Missy—It's Hoskins's. He's up for the election for the District Council. Shopman—But it's the wrong man. Missy—Yes, I know; but it's father. Punch.

"He's a star after dinner speaker, isn't he?"

"A star? He's a moon."

"The fuller the brighter."—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Gobble (to her new washerwoman)—My husband has descended from one of the finest houses in the land. Mrs. Mulcahy—An' phwat is he, a hofcarrier?—Boston Transcript.

"Is he still paying attention to the girl he met last summer?" "Nope; he married her."

How Bolting Cloth Is Made.

Bolting cloth is not made, as one might suppose, in big factories with the aid of complicated machinery, but its manufacture is distinctly a domestic industry in that beautiful part of Switzerland called Appenzel.

The principal seat of the trade is the village of Heiden, situated just where the Rhine empties into the Lake of Boden. Holland was the first country to start the general manufacture and use of bolting cloth, and this was done for the use of the Dutch names "Het Aker" and "Buggas," which are still used by the Swiss and French manufacturers.

At present, according to the American Miller, Switzerland has undoubtedly acquired the leadership and has pushed into the background all competitive makes. At Heiden and in its vicinity bolting cloth is made in the basements of the small but clean Swiss homes, in each of which one may find one, two or at the utmost three looms.

Each weaver receives from the manufacturer by whom he is engaged the silk on which he is to work. This he carries to his house, where he has his loom, which, by the way, is very expensive. The work proceeds very slowly and carefully, especially so with the higher grade of the fabric.

There are times when the looms are stilled entirely, especially when a moisture laden south wind is blowing. For this warm wind, coming as it does from Italy, makes the thread sticky and curled, so that it cannot pass through the exceptionally fine weaver's reed and breaks.

It is to be remembered that although at this work the main concern is that only the most excellent silk be used, nevertheless much also depends on the exact care and skill of the workman, forasmuch as an unskillful or careless worker is sure to cause the manufacturer great loss. For if any piece of the gauze be ever so slightly defective it is absolutely worthless.

Burlesques at Wedding.

Pooloot, a Paris caricaturist, having determined upon so common a place as getting married, decided that he would be married in the most commonplace way. He asked all his friends to the wedding, but there was a queer condition attached to the invitation. You had to go with a "made-up head," or you would not be admitted. Preferably you were requested to make up a country cousin at a village wedding. Some guests arrived as ancient peasants, others as village idiots. There were several bluff squires and rural elderly gentlemen with means, a number of retired officers and exuberant from the South Sea Islands, and a few military gentlemen from the hot-temperamented Algeria. The only persons who wore their natural physiognomies were the couple most concerned. They had drawn the line at making up themselves as a burlesque bride and a comic bridegroom.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Cobra of India.

Among the true cobras of India the najas are found all over India and Ceylon. Burma, the Andaman islands, southern China and the Malay peninsula extend to an altitude of 8,000 feet. It extends also over Afghanistan and through Persia to the eastern shore of the Caspian. It may attain a length of nearly seven and a half feet, but it is usually not more than a little over five and a half feet long. Najas vary much in color and markings but have generally the spectacle mark on the back of the neck, which they always distend before making an attack.

Too Lavish.

Mrs. Dobbs was trying to find out the likes and dislikes of her new boarder, and all she learned increased her satisfaction.

"Do you want pie for breakfast?" she asked.

"No, thank you," said the new boarder, with a smile. "Pie for breakfast seems a little too much."

"That's just the way I look at it," said Mrs. Dobbs, heartily. "I say pie for dinner is a necessity, and pie for supper gives a kind of finishing touch to the day; but pie for breakfast is what I call putting on airs."

Fish in Former Times.

Men of former ages, unless they lived near the sea or a river, had great difficulties in gratifying their taste for fish. The great houses had their fish ponds or stews, but sea fish, such as cod, bream, sturgeon, herring and sprate, were salted, and the excessive consumption of highly salted fish in the middle ages is said to have produced leprosy. Fish was also baked in pies to enable it to be carried for great distances.

A self-conscious and egotistical young clergyman was called to a church in a small town in upper New York. After his first service the youthful minister asked one of the deacons, a big bearded but extremely plain spoken old fellow, what he thought of "this morning's effort."

The deacon was silent a few moments before replying. Fluently he said:

"Well, I'll put it to you to a kind of parallel. It reminded me of Tom Dugan's first deer hunt, when he was green. He followed the deer's tracks all right, but he followed 'em all day in the wrong direction."

Freshley—In the class this morning the professor of English literature said something about Beaumont and Fletcher. I know who Beaumont is, of course; he's the new outfielder for the Cubs. But who the Sam Hill is Fletcher? The Other—Why, you bonehead, he's the guy that says you must chew your vitals 136 times before you swallow 'em.—Chicago Tribune.

"I wish I were an ostrich," said Hicks, angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's biscuits, but couldn't. "I wish you were," returned Mrs. Hicks; "I'd get a few feathers for my hat."—Musical Courier.

Madge—Edith is surely not going to marry that living skeleton of a man. He's nothing but skin and bones. Tess—Why not? He'll make her a rattling husband.—Boston Transcript.

"The young man who called on me last night says there is a fool in every family." "Was he trying to advance that as a reason why he should take him into one?"—Houston Post.

"Will you with me?" asked the ardent aviator. "All depends," answered the practical girl. "Is that a proposal, or merely an invitation to go aviating?"

Songs To Awake China.

The progressive element in China has seized upon the folk song as a vehicle for spreading modern ideas, says Albert Maybourn in *L'Opinion de Paris*.

The old Chinese notion of patriotism mainly resolved itself into a system of emperor worship, but the new generation is becoming imbued with more democratic ideas, veneration for the motherland taking the place of the cult of the son of heaven. The writer gives extracts from new popular song books, which he says are being distributed in native schools throughout the length and breadth of the empire from Nanking to Mukden.

Some of the folk songs are modernized adaptations from ancient epics, others deal with political and other questions of the day. Most noticeable is the fact that through all of them runs the martial spirit. To be respected China must be a nation in arms is the keynote of the modern Chinese educator.

George Washington is the favorite example of lofty and pure patriotism. Lord Byron also comes in for praise, and Greece's struggle for liberty against Turkey furnishes a topic. Lessons drawn from Russia's defeat by Japan are paramount in all these patriotic song books.

Another favorite song has for its theme the fate of dead patriots, crushed under the conqueror's heel, such as Poland. Even the "Marseillaise" has been translated.

Exhortations to loyalty toward the reigning dynasty are curiously scarce. One collection of songs entitled "The New China," which is published in Shanghai, recounts the glorious deeds of Chinese warriors and legislators in past ages, and blames the present regime for defeat at home and unavenged humiliations abroad. The Manchus, it says, are doomed to decadence.

On Man.

"When woman gets the vote she will best man. She will turn him round her finger as the housewife turned the riddle." The speaker was Miss Alice Paul, a very student of the University of Pennsylvania. She returned with a somewhat blither smile: "A business man said to his wife at dinner: 'Here is a riddle for you, my dear. Why is a husband like dough?'"

"The answer to this riddle was, 'Because a woman needs him.' The business man expected his wife to give the riddle up or else to guess that answer. But his wife said calmly:

"Why is a husband like dough, eh? Well, I suppose it's because he's so hard to get off one's hands."—New York Press.

Too Truthful.

Truth-telling in itself is not always particularly wise nor praiseworthy. Indeed, it is sometimes the reverse. Perhaps this can be illustrated in the case of the young man who called on a young lady very early one spring morning. He wanted to give her a spin through the country in his big touring-car. A little girl—the young lady's niece—answered the bell.

"Is your auntie in?" asked the young man.

"Yes, sir," said the little girl. "That's good. Where is she?" he went on.

"She's upstairs," answered the little girl, "in her nightgown, looking over the balcony."—June Lippincott's.

Fashionable Vices.

A real man of fashion and pleasure observes decency; at least, neither borrows nor effects vice; and, if he unfortunately has any, he gratifies them with choice, delicacy and secrecy. I have not mentioned the pleasures of the mind (which are the solid and permanent ones), because they do not come under the head of what people commonly call pleasures; which they seem to confuse to the senses. The pleasure of virtue, of clarity and of learning is true and lasting pleasure, which I hope you will be well and long acquainted with. Adieu!—Lord Chesterfield's Letter to His Son.

Oberlin was the first coeducational college in this country. In the early days they had a rule that in case there were but one man and one woman in a room, at least one chair should be between them. One evening an instructor passing one of the small sitting rooms, was horrified at beholding a young man and a young woman occupying the same chair.

"Sir," he demanded of the man student, "what is the meaning of this outrageous behavior? Do you not know the rules of the college?"

"Why—er—don't they say that if a man and a girl sit alone in a room they shall have one chair between them?"—Everybody's.

"The census people promise absolute secrecy concerning any information you may give them."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Fljngilt: "I don't see why they want to waste one's time on something that isn't going to get anybody's name into the newspapers."—Washington Star.

"Where will you spend the summer?" "At home." "Don't you usually go away?" "Yes, in years when I have something more than the summer to spend."—Cleveland Leader.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—If you were there for no dishonest purposes why were you in your stockinged feet? Prisoner—I heard there was sickness in the family.—Punch.

"And is your milk pasteurized?" asks the prospective customer of the dairyman. "Sure," he replies. My boys pasturize the cows every morning."

Mrs. Knicker—Do you let Bridget eat with the family? Mrs. Rucker—Yes; it's much cheaper than to have her eat with the policeman.—Puck.

"That clerk of yours seems to be a hard worker." "Yes; that's his speciality." "What, working?" "No—seeming to."—Philadelphia Ledger.

She—I'll never have another photograph taken. He—Why not? She—If it looks like me I don't like it, and if it flatters me my friends don't like it.

He looked in a milliner's window and saw "Hats reduced." "Great Scott!" said he to himself. "What was their original size?"

Prue—Do you think he was sincere when he said he loved you? Dolly—I'm sure of it. He looked too foolish to be making believe.

Ambergris Treasure.

The story of how a Manchester (N. H.) palmer found in the St. Lawrence River a lump of grayish substance weighing thirty-eight pounds, and how he has discovered that the solid fatty stuff is ambergris and is worth \$30,000, recalls the latest thing to flow from Gloucester and New Bedford wharves, in the old days when American whalers dared every sea. It was like a lottery. Once in a lifetime you might chance on the decaying body of a whale, giving off an awful smell, and decide that whale would be a fortune enough so that you would never have to go to sea again. Charles Reade, as far as we remember, is the only writer to introduce ambergris into fiction. In "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," David tells Miss Fountain how "the skipper stuffed their noses and ears with cotton, steeped in aromatic vinegar, and they lighted short pipes and broached the brig upon the putrescent monster and grappled to it; and the skipper jumped on it and drove his spade (sharp steel) in behind the whale's side fluke."

It is a matter of record that not far from the Vinward Islands a Yankee skipper in one of the best old whaling years did cut out of a whale 130 pounds of ambergris, which was sold for \$500. The price quoted for many years was \$8 an ounce. Ambergris is often found floating on the sea, particularly off the coast of Brazil and of Madagascar. The balancers send more than any other source to market. The stuff is a secretion of the sperm whale which dies of the disease producing the perfume matter. "Chemists find it hard to account for the fact that the smell of the dead whale is so horrible when the substance taken out is valuable only as a source of sweet smells."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Electricity From Wind.

The machinery of a modern windmill is just as far advanced over the crude machinery of the windmill as a fine watch over the works of a dollar alarm clock. One type of wind turbine, for instance, consists of a wheel about sixteen feet in diameter mounted upon a steel tower fifty feet in height.

The entire wind wheel is of galvanized steel and all its moving parts run on ball bearings. Its transmission gear works in an oil bath and, according to Popular Mechanics, the best methods known to engineering have been adopted in order to eliminate friction and enable the wheel to make the best of light winds.

The result is that even in a wind having a velocity of no higher than six miles an hour the turbine generates electricity. Such a windmill as this is provided with an electric generator and switchboard and a fifty-five cell storage battery as its electrical apparatus. The wheel is always in running position, ready to make use of every puff that comes, and it steadily makes and stores current except in times of absolutely still weather.

The Difference.

"Mistah Wolkah, kin yo' tell me de difference 'tween a cold in de head an' a chicken coop wit' a hole in de roof?"

"No, Sam; that's a hard one. 'What is the difference between a cold in the head and a chicken coop with a hole in the roof?'"

"De one an' a case o' influenza, an' de uther an' a case o' cut new hens, sah."

Ladies and gentlemen, the vocal wonder, Professor Wabbe Izzeers, will now sing the popular ballad entitled "The Lips That Cress a Story Shall Never Touch Mine."—Chicago Tribune.

"These 'ere' lying machines and wireless telegrams—wonderful, ain't it, Mike?" "Is that. Ah, that, sure we're old men we shall be able to travel round the world without leavin' home."—The Sketch.

"Now, then, children," said the teacher, "what is it we want most in this world to make us perfectly happy?" "The things we ain't got!" shouted the bright boy in the back seat.—St. Louis News.

Him—You're the only girl I ever loved. Her—That's interesting but immaterial. What I want to know is am I the only girl you're ever going to love?

"Jones made an awful big hit at the banquet the other night." "Is that so?" "Yes; he was called on for a speech and refused."—Detroit Free Press.

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. Winstow's SOUTHWEST SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while babies, at intervals of night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winstow's SOUTHWEST SYRUP for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, soothes the lungs, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winstow's SOUTHWEST SYRUP for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold at all druggists throughout the world. Beware of cheap imitations. SOUTHWEST SYRUP, guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 100.

The principal crops of this country show a reduction of 25,000,000 bushels.

Every woman who suffers from Sick Headache, and who wishes to take better doses, should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are the best of all medicines to take. A positive cure for the above distressing complaint; give prompt relief in dyspepsia and indigestion; prevent and cure Constipation and all the troubles that attend it. Price 25 cents. If you try them you will not be without them.

Chile supports fifteen industrial schools, giving instruction to about 3,200 pupils.

Thirteen, largely feeling and dull headache in very distressing form, of Carter's Little Liver Pills before eating, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose one pill.

A greatly increased consumption of potassium in Germany is reported.

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc., of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plaster. Price 25 cents. Try them.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Beat French Post Office.

Here is a curious process by which the French post office was beaten. A wealthy merchant who refused to pay an excessive fee sued by the postal authorities and lost the suit. He retaliated by building a shanty in a remote district of the Hautes Alpes, about 20 miles from any post office, and installing therein a shepherd, in whose name he subscribed to the daily Petit Journal. According to the terms of the postal monopoly in France the Department is bound to provide a daily service wherever required, and it would have been necessary to engage a postman solely for the delivery of this newspaper, as no other house is to be found within a radius of about eight miles. The post office, however, took no such expenditure of about \$240 a year, consented to forego the ten centimes (two cents) in dispute, pay the defendant's costs and compensate the shepherd for the loss of his daily paper.

Getting Around a Difficulty.

A friend of mine, who was once County Clerk of Des Moines, Iowa, told me of an experience he had while making the office, with a woman who made numerous calls upon him, in company with a man who was always in a state of intoxication. The purpose of their visit was to secure a marriage license. As a matter of course, the clerk each time refused the request. The last time the woman appeared, as usual leading in her drunken friend, the clerk, in a most impatient mood, exclaimed:

"My dear woman, why do you always bring this man here to get a license when he is drunk?" "Because," said the wily, "I can never get him to come along when he is sober."—June Lippincott's.

Littlest Father.

The woman who came to clean up was telling how she left her boy to take care of the baby. The boy was two and one-half years old. The baby was six months.

"That's the youngest little father I ever heard of," said the flat dweller who was cleaning up for. "Do you lock them in?"

"Yes," said the cleaning woman. "Poor little fellow," said the flat dweller, "locked in to burn in case of fire! Some day when you are cleaning up for me I want to go over and see that little father, who ought to be in the middle himself, taking care of the six-months-old baby. I want to just sit there and look on awhile. Poor little fellow!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

In a New Light.

Actor-Playwright—I have been told, sir, that the actor you said was not genuine Art Dealer—Who said so

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible with clarity. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1910.

NOTES.

ZION CHURCH, NEWPORT, R. I.
Baptism by Rev. John West.

(Continued.)

Francis, Valentine Mott, son of Dr. Francis; born Aug. 25, 1834; bap. Aug. 7, 1834.

Elizabeth, Henry L. Adult. Bap. Aug. 7, 1835.

Gardner, Mary Augusta, daughter of Dr. and M. Gardner; born Jan. 6, 1837; bap. July 11, 1837.

Gilliat, Francis, son of J. H. and L. Gilliat; born July 1839; bap. Nov. 23, 1839.

Gilliat, Henrietta, daughter of J. H. and L. Gilliat; born Dec. 1, 1839; bap. July 25, 1837.

Gilliat, Wm. Gray, son of J. H. and L. Gilliat; born Apr. 20, 1838; bap. June 4, 1838.

Gilpin, Harriet Moore, daughter of H. B. and W. G. Gilpin; born Jan. 30, 1837; bap. Oct. 8, 1837.

Goffe, Harriet Cornell, daughter of Daniel Goffe; bap. Sept. 11, 1835.

Goffe, Henry Tew, son of John Goffe; born Jan. 1835; bap. Nov. 18, 1835.

Gorton, Ann Elizabeth, Adult. Bap. Dec. 7, 1834.

Gray, Abby Tibbette, daughter of J. A. Gray; born Oct. 20, 1839; bap. July 11, 1837.

Gray, Elizabeth Thurston, daughter of J. A. Gray; born Feb. 21, 1833; bap. July 11, 1837.

Gray, Frederick Maland, son of L. A. Gray; born Jan. 8, 1832; bap. July 11, 1837.

Gray, John Maland, son of J. A. Gray; born Oct. 20, 1831; bap. July 11, 1837.

Gray, Sarah Ann, Adult. Bap. May 28, 1837.

Hammond, Abby, Adult. Bap. Apr. 14, 1835.

Hammond, Geo. Tillinghast son of W. G. and S. T. Hammond; born Mar. 1, 1835; bap. July 12, 1836.

Hammond, Henry Bull, son of W. G. and S. T. Hammond; born Feb. 15, 1832; bap. June 8, 1835.

Hammond, Sarah T. Adult. Bap. Jan. 18, 1834.

Hammond, William, son of W. G. and S. T. Hammond; born May 8, 1830; bap. June 8, 1835.

Haudy, Harriet Bartlett, daughter of R. and M. Haudy; born July 1833; bap. July 27, 1833.

Haudy, Mary Overing, daughter of R. and M. Haudy; born May 30, 1833; bap. Aug. 21, 1835.

Harper, Mary Bourne, Adult. Bap. July 11, 1837.

Hazard, Anna, Adult. Bap. Dec. 25, 1834.

Holmes, Ann Elizabeth, Adult. Bap. Dec. 25, 1833.

Howland, George, Adult. Bap. Apr. 11, 1811.

Hout, Alonzo, Adult. Bap. Apr. 17, 1836.

Hunt, Emma, Adult. Bap. Apr. 17, 1836.

Jack, Alexander, Adult. Bap. Dec. 7, 1830.

Jack, Rebecca, Adult. Bap. Jan. 6, 1830.

Johnson, Sarah, Adult. Bap. Feb. 1, 1835.

Kinsley, Abby Durfee, Adult. Bap. Dec. 7, 1834.

Levey, Johanna Matilda, daughter of A. and A. M. Levey; born Oct. 21, 1827; bap. Oct. 10, 1834.

Levey, Joseph, son of A. and A. M. Levey; born Oct. 21, 1833; bap. Oct. 10, 1834.

Lewis, Mary Tilley, Adult. Bap. Mar. 27, 1842.

Lyon, Hannah, Adult. Bap. Jan. 18, 1834.

Mollen, Sarah, Adult. Bap. Dec. 23, 1833.

Mumford, Charles Henry, son of C. H. and E. A. Mumford; born Nov. 22, 1831; bap. June 8, 1835.

Mumford, Eveline Amella, Adult. Bap. Apr. 19, 1835.

Mumford, Emma, Adult. Bap. Dec. 25, 1834.

Nicola, John Edward, son of O. L. and S. Nicola; born Mar. 29, 1830; bap. Oct. 13, 1833.

Nicola, Mary Octavia, daughter of O. L. and S. Nicola; born Mar. 24, 1832; bap. Oct. 13, 1833.

Nicola, Robert Octavio, son of O. L. and S. Nicola; born Jan. 21, 1829; bap. Oct. 13, 1833.

Norris, Mary H. Adult. Bap. Dec. 20, 1833.

Northam, Wm. Burdick, son of R. and E. Northam; born July 1833; bap. Aug. 31, 1833.

Nutting, Caroline, Adult. Bap. Apr. 16, 1835.

Pearce, Catharine H. Adult. Bap. June 18, 1834.

Pearce, Dutea Jerold, son of D. J. and H. Pearce; born July 17, 1833; bap. June 3, 1835.

Pearce, Harriet, Adult. Bap. Mar. 20, 1842.

Pearce, Harriet Rose, daughter of D. J. and H. Pearce; born Jan. 5, 1836; bap. July 11, 1837.

Peckham, Mary I. Adult. Bap. Apr. 11, 1841.

Peckham, Susan M. Adult. Bap. July 4, 1841.

Perry, Ann Maria, daughter of O. H. and E. Perry; born Feb. 8, 1833; bap. Apr. 5, 1833.

Perry, Ruth Ann, Adult. Bap. Apr. 11, 1840.—E. M. T.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

6715. WAIT—Where in Portsmouth, R. I. did Thomas Wait live, 1639? Can the home be located? Would like names of his children and dates of birth, marriage and death. Whom did they marry and where were they buried? To what Church did he belong? He was at Newport, 1841. To whose Church did he belong? Whom did he marry and when?—L. M.

will be probated Mar. 19, 1738; mentioned eldest son William; eldest daughter Martha; son Abraham by wife Mary; son Benjamin by wife Mary; second son William by wife Mary; son Moses by wife Mary; daughter Mary by wife Mary; daughter Ruth by wife Mary. The eldest son William was born Mar. 20, 1718, evidently son of first wife Elizabeth. William married Francis Holland Watts, and had

1. Elizabeth, b. April 27, 1745.
2. Margaret, b. June 2, 1747, died Sept. 24, 1748.
3. Peggy, b. Aug. 21, 1719.
4. John Holland, b. July 24, 1752.
5. William Stevenson, b. Dec. 28, 1763.
6. Mary, b. Aug. 20, 1757.

Joshua, b. July 6, 1759, d. Dec. 1, 1818.

William Barney, father of Joshua, resided in the town of Ballinure, removing to Bare Creek a few years after the birth of Joshua. The older William Barney, it is said, was sent to America from England by a uncle, at the early age of fourteen. This may be an error, and William Barney may have belonged to the New England family. Can any one give any information on this subject? If he came from England, can any one tell from what place? What was the date of birth of the older William? Joshua became Commodore in the United States Navy. Would be glad for information concerning any of his ancestors.—W. F. A.

6717. CHANTERLAIN—Would like ancestry and name of wife of this Joseph Chantelain.

Chantelain, Joseph, of Newport. Will dated April 7, 1710; proved August 1, 1711. Mentioned daughter Ruth Chantelain, under eighteen; daughter Mary Chantelain, under eighteen; wife Amy Chantelain, executrix.—F. G.

6718. SYLVESTER—Would like information concerning Nathaniel Sylvester, son of Nathaniel, of Shelter Island, New York. He went to Newport, R. I., and died there after 1830. His son Brinley Sylvester came into possession of the manor house at Shelter Island, and returned to live there about 1720.—A. F.

6719. CHAPMAN—Can any one fill in blanks in the following town council items?

Chapman, John, Administration granted to widow Patience, May 3, 1710.

Chapman, Mary, Newport, widow of Ralph. Inventory of estate at Matapoyset, Mass. and moveables at Newport. Taken Aug. 25, 1711.

Chapman, Mary, Newport. Will dated 5, 27, 1711; proved September 8, 1711. Mentioned late husband, Ralph Chapman; Isaac Chapman, Abigail Prince, Mary Chapman, Catharine Chapman and Walter Chapman, sons and daughters of late husband, Ralph Chapman; sisters Hannah Rodman, Catharine, Grace, Cornelia; grandchildren William Chapman, and John Chapman, sons of Ralph Chapman; grandchildren Sarah, Gold, Catharine and Elizabeth Gold, daughters of my son Jere Gold; grandchild Elizabeth Hill, daughter of my daughter Mary Hill, deceased; two sons—Gold and Daniel Gold; two—Nathaniel Sheffield and sons Jeremiah and Gold executors.

Chapman, Ralph, of Newport. Will dated November 4, 1704; proved September 2, 1711; mentioned son Ralph Chapman; son John Chapman; son Isaac Chapman; son-in-law Jeremiah Gold; four daughters, Mary, Lydia and—Chapman; daughter Abigail Chapman mentioned above; wife Mary executrix.—F. G.

6720. BULL—Can anyone separate these Jere Bulls?

Bull, Ephraim. Guardianship granted to brother Henry Bull, September 4, 1710.

Bull, Jere. Administration granted to brothers Benjamin and Benedict Bull, August 8, 1709.

Funeral charges of Jere Bull deceased July 16, 1709—83.

Bull, Jere. Inventory taken July 20, 1709.

Bull, Jere. Seign. of Newport, gentleman. Administration granted to Jacob Norton, May 24, 1711.—F. G.

BLOCK ISLAND.

Death of Capt. R. C. Dodge.

Captain Robert C. Dodge of Block Island died May 21, after an illness of only a few days, in the 77th year of his age. Uncle Robert, as he was most familiarly known, was born and lived the greater part of his life on the island. He always followed the water, being one of the oldest fishermen there. He was a man of excellent habits, a faithful member of the Baptist church, a genial Christian, a true friend and a man that everybody knew to honor and respect. Honest and upright in all his dealings, he was contented with much or little that each day brought him, and when he came home with only the little he would cheerfully say, "This was to be my allotted amount for today."

Captain Dodge was a devoted friend of all the children, as was shown by their large attendance at his funeral.

Many beautiful flowers were sent tokens of love and respect from his family and many friends.

He was married in 1837 to Wilhelmina Melissa Dodge of Block Island, who survives him. She has been an invalid for the past eleven years. To them were born three children, Samuel Dodge of Newport, Howard Dodge of Block Island and Mrs. Frank H. Robinson of Westerly.

All flags on the island were at half mast during the funeral and the boats in the harbor and the incoming steamboats showed their respect for the dead captain. On the hill in the cemetery overlooking the harbor they laid him to rest. A loving and devoted husband, a kind father and a true friend, his going and the sympathy of the entire community goes to the bereaved family.

Election of Officers.

Second Baptist Church.

Clerk—Archibald B. Coggeshall.

Treasurer—William F. Carr.

Bible School Superintendent—Charles M. Cole.

Associate Bible School Superintendent—Francis D. Dooliver.

Auditor—Nathaniel R. Swaburne.

Committee on Baptism and Communion—William R. Franklin, Emerson C. Kingman, Mrs. John C. Seabury, Mrs. Martin E. Bennett, Mrs. A. K. Sherman, Richard B. Freeman, George S. Oxx, Mrs. H. E. Read, Miss Mrs. J. W. Williams, Mrs. William H. Mannet, Sarah H. Mannet, Benjamin B. Coggeshall.

Missionary Committee—Mrs. F. L. Stewart, Mrs. M. R. Seabury, Mrs. E. W. Brown, Mrs. Martha A. Stevens, Miss E. W. Brown, Mrs. Rudolph Haas.

House Committee—Miss Sarah H. Mannet, Mrs. J. W. Barker, Mrs. H. B. Kingman, Mrs. H. E. Read.

Members of Advisory Committee—John C. Seabury, Albert K. Sherman, Frank G. Kimball.

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LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 112 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

Real Estate Sales and Rental.

Thomas P. Grace has sold to Mary Waterson, wife of Nathaniel J. Waterson, Jr., the estate bounded north, 59 feet, on John street; west, 75 feet, on land of the Second Baptist Society; south, 27 feet, east 1 foot, and east again, 72 feet, on land of the A. McGregor heirs, and south, 31 feet, on lands of McGregor and Mary Smith.

John Kirby has sold to Mary A. Lathrop the estate bounded west, 36 feet, on Homer street; south, 70 feet, and east, 98 feet, on other lands of the grantor, and north, 70 feet, on land of Alice P. Magee and others.

Mr. J. Frank Albino is progressing well after his last operation at the Newport Hospital.

Teachers' Certificates.

The Annual State Examinations for Teachers' Certificates will occur on Thursday and Friday, June 30 and July 1, 1910, at the Rhode Island Normal School, Providence.

Provided six or more persons make application therefor, examinations will also be held in each of the following places: Newport, Rogers High School; Woonsocket, High School; Westerly, High School; East Greenwich, Academy; North Scituate, Grammar School; but no examinations will be held in any place for less than six applicants.

On THURSDAY, examinations in Arithmetic, English, Geography, History, Physiology, Reading, and Spelling, for both Third and Fourth Grade Certificates, in Academic subjects for first and second grade Certificates, in Providence ONLY.

On FRIDAY, examinations to Professional Subjects for all grades.

Any person purposing to take the examinations must, on or before June 25, notify the undersigned of the grade of certificate for which and the place at which he intends to take the examination.

WALTER R. BANGER, Secretary State Board of Education. Box 1511, Providence. 6-11-3w

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, R. I. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.
Newport, March 10th, A. D. 1910.
BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE rendered by the Honorable the District Court of the District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Providence, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1910, and returnable to the said Court April 15th, A. D. 1910, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1910, in favor of The American Hosiery Corporation, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Rhode Island, and having a place of business in the City of Providence, in said State, plaintiff, against Peter Cappuccelli, alias Pietro Cappuccelli, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Rhode Island, defendant, I have this day at 10 o'clock, in said County of Providence, in the City of Providence, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1910, levied the said execution on all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Peter Cappuccelli, alias Pietro Cappuccelli, had on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1909, at 10 o'clock, in said County of Providence, in the City of Providence, in the land of Patrick H. Horgan, to wit: a certain lot, or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Westerly, on Thames street, 43 feet; Northernly, on land of Patrick H. Horgan, 50 feet; Easterly, on land late of Robert Stevenson, deceased, 43 feet; and Southerly, on Holland street, 65 feet. To the said measurements more or less, or in favor of either, or the same may be bounded or described.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied upon real estate, to wit: the land of Patrick H. Horgan, in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in said State of Rhode Island, in said County of Newport, on the 14th day of June, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock, in said County of Providence, in the City of Providence, in the land of said defendant, Peter Cappuccelli, alias Pietro Cappuccelli, in the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

Notice to Registry Voters.

All persons who are required to register their names in order to vote in this city during the present year are reminded that they must register to person at the City Clerk's Office, between 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. on Thursday, June 10, 1910. The office is open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. daily and for the accommodation of those who cannot attend in the day time, it will be open evenings as follows:

Wednesday, June 1; Saturday, June 4; Monday, June 6; Wednesday, June 8; Saturday, June 11; Monday, June 13; Wednesday, June 15; Saturday, June 18; Monday, June 20; and on every evening from Wednesday, June 22 (except Sundays).

The Deputy City Clerk will be at the First Ward Room, Friday, June 10, at the Second Ward Room, Tuesday, June 14; at the Third Ward Room, Thursday, June 17; at the Fourth Ward Room, Friday, June 18; at the Fifth Ward Room, Tuesday, June 22.

F. N. FULFERTON, City Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Probate Court of the City of Newport.
At a Session of said Court holden at Newport, in and for said City of Newport, on the Twenty-third day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand and nine hundred and ten, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

ON THE PETITION of John A. Grubbs, of said Newport, in said State, praying that his name may be changed to that of John A. Grubbs, it appearing that the reasons given therefor are sufficient and consistent with the public interest and being satisfactory to the Court, and no objection being made.

It is decreed that his name be changed, as prayed for, to that of John A. Grubbs, which name he shall henceforth bear, and which shall be his legal name, and that by such name he shall be entitled to all the rights and privileges and be subject to all the duties and liabilities he would have been subject to had his name not been changed, and that he give public notice of said change by publishing this decree once in each week for three consecutive weeks in the Newport Mercury, a newspaper published in said Newport, and make return to this Court under oath that such notice has been given.

Entered as decrees by order of the Court.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

A true copy. Attest: DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Newport, May 23rd, 1910—3w

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

To HANNAH M. PECK, and all other persons interested in the premises:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by said Hannah M. Peck to Henry C. Anthony, dated October 31st, A. D. 1888, and recorded in Tiverton, R. I. Registry of Deeds book 4, pages 188-189, and for breach of the condition in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction on the premises on

MONDAY, June 20th, 1910,

at 10 o'clock a. m., the premises described in said mortgage deed as follows, viz:

A certain lot or lots of land situated in said Tiverton and bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly by land of Thomas Kirkpatrick; Easterly by land of Thomas Kirkpatrick; Southerly by land of the Town of Tiverton and containing what it may. It being the same land conveyed to me by Esther J. Macomber by deed dated Sept. 2nd, A. D. 1889, and recorded in the Land Records of Tiverton, R. I., Book 31, Folio 346 and 347, to which deed reference may be made for a more particular description.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes and assessments whatsoever. Terms made known at sale.

HENRY C. ANTHONY, Mortgagee.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

NOTICE.

ALL Hackney Carriage Licenses, Hackney Carriage Drivers' Licenses, Wagon Licenses and Wagon Drivers' Licenses now in force under the provisions of Chapters 88 and 89 of the Ordinances of this City will expire on May 31, 1910.

All persons desiring any of the above mentioned licenses for the year beginning with the first Monday in May, 1910, will make application therefor at the office of the City of Police, on or before May 2nd, 1910, that the same may be considered by the Board of Aldermen at the meeting of the said Board to be held May 23, 1910.

By order of JAMES R. CROWLEY, Chief of Police.

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